

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

OR,

ELDER LOVE AND HIS
MONEY.

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WHAT SHALL IT BE?

OR,

Elder Love and His Money

— BY —

REV. T. J. CROWDER
II
MACON, ILL.

PRICE, \$1.25

1891

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

BV772
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144 Monroe Street, Chicago



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TO MY

Beloved Wife

AND THE

Woman's Christian Temperance Union of America

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED



PREFACE.

IN presenting this little volume to the careful and prayerful consideration of those who may read its pages, the author is aware that there is at least a possibility of his being accused of borrowing the thought from "Looking Backward" and "Darkest England." Had he done this, it could not be considered the "unpardonable sin"; at the same time, be it known that it was written before he ever saw "Looking Backward" or before "Darkest England" was published.

If there be any analogy between the thoughts presented by the authors of these marvelous books and this, it is only another one of the hopeful "signs of the times" that is manifest along the entire line, that God's children are thinking deeply on lines that have never before seriously engrossed the attention of the great throbbing heart of the Christian Church.

Plans are being laid and schemes devised to lift men from the mire of sin by a better application of Bible truth, in caring for the physical and temporal condition of men preparatory to reaching the heart and lifting them up to spiritual life.

We are learning that poor discouraged men and women must first be warmed and fed and placed in a position to honestly earn their bread and thus maintain their manhood. In these deeds of love we preach with power to hearts who never can be reached by our present system of promulgating the truth.

A gospel for the body as well as the soul is the crying want of the world to-day.

The author will rejoice if he may be one of those who contribute something to bring about these grand results.

This volume is not sent forth as a literary production by any means, but simply the thoughts of a plain man having a wide range of experience and a longing desire to see the Christian Church take her stand in such a way as to hasten the crowning day when the gospel of peace and good will to men shall compass the land as the waters cover the great deep.

T. J. C.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I.—HOME COMING.....	1-7
II.—THREE MILESTONES	8-15
III.—BUILDING THE HOME	16-26
IV.—THE DISCOVERY	27-33
V.—UNCLE JOHN AND BROTHER SHREWD.....	34-42
VI.—EARLY PIONEERS	43-51
VII.—THE CAPITALISTS	52-58
VIII.—DEDICATION	59-63.
IX.—AUNT SALLY'S VISIT TO THE HOME.....	64-68
X.—COMMISSARIAT	69-75
XI.—MEN FOR THE TIMES.....	76-80
XII.—CONVERSION OF BOB	81-88
XIII.—WOMAN'S AGE AS REPRESENTED BY THE W. C. T. U.	89-94
XIV.—GOSSIP.....	95-99
XV.—REVIVAL FOLLOWING BOB'S CONVERSION	100-102
XVI.—PLAN OF ENDOWMENT.....	103-110
XVII.—RELATIONS DISGRACED	111-118
XVIII.—THE OTHER CLASS.....	119-126
XIX.—THE PRESS.....	127-130
XX.—BOB AT COLLEGE	131-134
XXI.—FISHING AT AUNT SALLY'S CHURCH.....	135-141

CONTENTS.

XXII.—VISIT OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE W. C.	
T. U. AT THE HOME	142-147
XXIII.—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BOYS.....	148-152
XXIV.—TITHING AT THE HOME.....	153-157
XXV.—SERMON AND TESTIMONY AT AUNT SALLY'S	
CHURCH	158-166
XXVI.—GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.....	167-173
XXVII.—BOB IN KANSAS.....	174-184
XXVIII.—EARLY PIONEER DAYS.....	185-189
XXIX.—MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN.....	190-201
XXX.—BOB AT THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.....	202-205
XXXI.—ENDOWMENT PLAN CRITICIZED	206-210
XXXII.—PEARL AND HER WORK.....	211-216
XXXIII.—WOMAN SUFFRAGE—HOW SECURED	217-227
XXXIV.—BOB AND PEARL.....	228-230
XXXV.—THE STORM	231-238
XXXVI.—ELDER LOVE AND THE CHURCH AT ENTERPRISE	239-251
XXXVII.—BOB AND PEARL AT THE TEMPLE	252-256
*XXXVIII.—IDEAL GOVERNMENT.....	257-260
XXXIX.—WHAT SHALL IT BE	261-268
XL.—CONCLUSION	269-275

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

OR,

ELDER LOVE AND HIS MONEY.

CHAPTER I.

Home Coming.

“**W**HAT can we possibly do with so much money, my dear?”

So spake the wife of Elder Love as they talked with each other in the sitting room of their humble home. The children had retired to rest, after the usual duties and excitements of a busy day at school, and the unusual excitement occasioned by the return of the Elder after an absence of many months in the mountains of the “Far West.” His coming had been very unexpected and entirely unannounced, bringing all the more joy with it, especially as it was plain that there was a brighter light in his eye, more firmness in his step, and a sober, settled fixedness in his purpose, that marked an epoch in his life.

Little had been said since his arrival, save the ordinary chit-chat natural in a loving family after long

weeks of separation. He was now giving her a detailed account of his goings and comings during these days and weeks of separation, telling her how the dear Lord had guided his footsteps, giving him wisdom, understanding and courage, until at last he had discovered rich leads of gold in hitherto unknown mining regions. He also told her of the coming of a party of capitalists, and their purchase of interests in these wonderful mines, paying him, in cash, a fabulous sum. The discovery had been so sudden and developments so rapid, as well, leaving little time for the Elder to communicate with the dear ones at home. This will account for the surprised and strange question with which our story begins.

“The money is not ours, my dear,” said the Elder; “every dollar belongs to Him ‘who has washed us and redeemed us in his own blood,’ and I am quite sure He who has guided us so far and placed such a sum in our hands will continue to guide us and show us just what He would have us do with it. Indeed, the only thing that concerns me is the danger of being led away from Him so that we may not hear his voice saying, ‘This is the way, walk ye in it.’ The Master has warned us against the deceitfulness of riches, yet hath he not said, ‘He is able to keep that which we have committed to his hands’? With this promise, and in confidence that we have given all to Him, I am not afraid to trust Him

as He speaks to me in his Word, saying, 'I will guide thee with mine eye.' "

"But," said the good wife, "money is a talent and must not be laid up in a napkin, especially now, when so many precious immortal souls are perishing for the 'bread of life,' for lack of funds to send the Gospel to them. 'The King's business requires haste.' "

"True, true," replied the Elder; "but let us not be in such haste that we shall fail to 'stand in the way and see and inquire for the old paths that we may walk therein.' We shall do well to lie at His feet and wait for the word of command. However, I am confident that He has already revealed to me much He would have us do, and I shall begin at once to carry out certain plans that have pressed with so much weight on my mind for many years."

"Oh, tell me what they are!" eagerly asked the Elder's wife, as she looked up with a zeal born of God in the hearts of all His children.

"I cannot now tell you all I am impressed the Lord would have us do, but one thing seems plain: that we must do such things as others will not, or cannot do, and do it in a better manner and with a better spirit than is often practiced. This would certainly be pleasing to the dear Lord. Christian benevolence in its best forms often partakes so much of earthly wisdom,

and charities are doled out in such a way, many times, thereby robbing it of all its beauty, sweetness and power, thus destroying its great influence on mankind. When I see this spirit mixed up with our very best things, I cannot help thinking of the little song the children used to sing:

“ ‘ One for the money,
Two for the show;
Three to make ready,
And four to go.’

The first step with many seems to be to find out the smallest amount of money that will do; next, how will it look; then, there is no hurry, take time, investigate, and some good old Deacon moves to lay the whole matter on the table until the next meeting, etc., etc.; and then drive on after their worldly affairs and push and crowd sixteen hours a day, six days in the week, while the hungry widow and helpless orphan starve, and deathless and yet dying souls grope their weary way down to death, declaring in their bitter misery ‘No man cares for my soul’! while the good deacons and elders sit with arms quietly folded and agree that it will all be done in ‘God’s own good time.’ However, in the midst of all this worldly-mindedness there are many that have not ‘bowed the knee to Baal,’ but are doing all they can according to the best light they have.

"Alas, in some way the Church has become so tied up with creeds and traditions that we have forgotten that our business is to 'arise and shine, our light being come.' So I am impressed that one thing the Master would have us do will be to use some of this money to develop a practical object-lesson, so bright, so pure, and so beautiful, that the world may see in it so much of the spirit of Jesus they will be constrained to say, 'See how these Christians love.'

"My first work will be to establish a home for aged and worn-out ministers and their wives—one that shall be a home in its very best sense. My heart has been pained almost every day, for years, as I have thought of the many who have left all to preach the everlasting Gospel, and, after they have worn out with excessive toil and hardship, have been turned out to live on a very meagre allowance, if an allowance at all, and compelled to labor and suffer in poverty until called to their reward."

"But," said the good wife, "with all your money you could not provide for all of this class; they are like the sands on the seashore, almost."

"True," replied the Elder, "there are a great many, and of course we cannot provide for all; neither will 'Our Father' require that of us; but we can inaugurate a new system, and thus 'provoke others to good works.'"

At this point the Elder settled into a quiet study, perhaps thinking of the great responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him; the dear wife at his side wondering if such a plan would not have the effect, if carried out, to make the ministry careless and indifferent in their business affairs, knowing that when they grew weary in their work they would have a good home during the remainder of their lives; so she asked the question, whether the taking away of the necessity of providing for old age would not be an injury in place of a blessing.

“God bless you, beloved, that is just the trouble now. Our ministers start out in their life-work full of love and zeal to find, oftentimes, their salaries so small they cannot live respectably. Children grow up around them, expenses increase, poverty stares them in the face, and they are just in the position to become worldly-minded; engage in business to make sad failures in many cases, get in debt and fall out by the way to be captured by the enemy in some of the thousand snares spread for their unwary feet.

“Now, what we should do as stewards of the Master would be to provide a home for every faithful minister to enjoy when he must needs leave the field of battle, and let him know that he need provide neither gold or silver, houses or lands; that he is to take ‘no thought

for the morrow;’ that *his duty was to fight*, and when he can no longer fight, there is an open door to a home as free as salvation and as full as loving Christian hands can fill it. This done, there would be no temptation to the true man of God to fail to ‘cry aloud and spare not’; no excuse for worldly speculations, no reasons for discouragements; and with the great army of consecrated ministers untrammelled, unfettered, going forth in His name, this world could soon be won for Christ.”

“God grant that this may be done!” fervently came from the lips of the good wife.

The evening was far spent, as this devoted couple, with hand clasped in hand, kneeled to pray. Had you listened you would have heard them as though they were speaking face to face with an intimate friend. And so it was. They had, by yielding all into His hands and walking according to His rule of faith and love, become so filled with the Spirit of Jesus, they had but to speak and He said, “Here am I.” The “Lo, I am with you always,” walked with these saints day by day. “They trusted and were not afraid.”

CHAPTER II.

Three Milestones.

THREE things combined to fix the principles and establish the character of Elder Love. First, his early recollections and associations with the Itinerant Methodist Preacher—when but a child, in the old log schoolhouse covered with clapboards, where the little handful of ragged, barefooted children who attended school were dismissed for an hour or more, while one of these devoted men gathered the few faithful ones, and with lips surcharged with holy fire preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. Such songs as they sang, such prayers as they prayed, as they seemed to stand face to face with God, pleading in tender, loving faith that the people might be saved!

Did ever men sing like these men; did ever men pray like these men; did ever men toil and suffer like these men, without hope of reward other than the salvation of souls! “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.” We must be pardoned for believing that of all the sons of Levi there was none like these among the people. They never bargained for place; they

never thought of rest or ease; they dared not think of home and loved ones. We fancy we can see them now, as they blaze the bridle-path through the forests, or steer from point to point across the trackless prairies, exposed to heat and cold and storm. "Strangers in a strange land," singing with a glad heart,

"No foot of land do I possess—
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor wayfaring man."

Amid these surroundings the Elder received his first religious impressions, to have them repressed by his father and mother, who seriously questioned the possibility of a child becoming a Christian, they having been trained in that theology that believed "what is to be will be." But the prayers, the songs, the sermons in the old log school-house, and the class-meetings that followed, which he was permitted to enjoy by looking through the cracks in the door, and still more, the threadbare coat of the "circuit-rider" in contrast with the high standing-collar, the starched "dickey" of that other pastor who came to his father's house to reprove him for having violated the rules of the Church by communing with these people—these things all combined to make their impressions on his child-heart so deeply that, kneeling at the "mourners' bench," he gave his heart to God, and rejoiced in his new-found

love. Gladly he took his place with those who counted it all joy to spend and be spent for Christ. Never regretting his choice, he passed from childhood to youth, and youth to manhood, associating with and instructed by such men as Peter Cartwright, Dr. Akers, and many others whose memory is "like ointment poured forth."

Thus was passed the first milestone in the Elder's life, which fixed his loyalty to the Church and held him in loving sympathy with the common people.

Soon after the Elder's conversion, in the same old school-house lighted by a "tallow dip," a few men and women, with "a right smart chance" of boys and girls, gathered to listen to a temperance lecture. I fancy my readers would smile if I tell them there was not half a dozen men in that company that could have bought a gallon of whisky at even the low price, in those days, of "two bits" a gallon, but it was so.

The speaker was tall and lean, long legs, long arms, stoop-shouldered; his coat two sizes too small, looking like it had seen service for many a long day; his personal appearance, apparently unattractive, in keeping with the few rough, uncultivated people who had gathered in the old dilapidated school-house, surrounded by thick woods and dimly lighted by the "tallow dip." If you can fancy this scene, with the

prelude of an occasional hoot of an owl, you have the picture.

We shall attempt no further description of the speaker as he stood before this strange medley called an audience. No man ever could describe him—the human was so linked with the divine, the rough exterior was so blended with that strange beauty that adorns the brow of those who truly love humanity. Such was this man, who in after years became one of the heroes of earth.

See him as he begins slowly to talk to these rude pioneers and ragged children, of the evils of strong drink. Listen to him, as he weaves his unanswerable arguments with matchless eloquence before that little company. No long, gaunt awkwardness now; no homely features now, as they are illuminated by the burning truth he utters. Hear him as he pictures the boy who begins by “sucking cider through a straw,” and then, step by step, as he goes down lower and lower, until, lost to manhood, virtue, religion, home, society and country, he sinks into a drunkard’s grave and a drunkard’s hell. Fathers cover their faces with their hands; mothers cry aloud; children shriek in mortal fear, as this strange man makes this awful description, so realistic, as the soul for whom Christ died takes the last plunge into outer darkness forever.

The scene changes, as the speaker, with his face illumined by his burning love for humanity, traces another picture of another boy, who, having solemnly pledged never to touch, taste or handle the accursed thing, goes on up Paul's golden stairway of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness," until he steps from the last round, "temperance," into the New Jerusalem amid the shouts of the angelic hosts.

"And now," said the speaker, "who will come forward and sign this pledge of 'total abstinence' and take their stand with the good and true to help save the land from this 'curse of all curses?'" A number of the older ones went forward and recorded their names on that immortal roll.

At last this wonderful man goes from child to child, and with his own hand writes the names of all who would consent to take the pledge. Here the Elder's name went down. Time could never efface this strange and wonderful meeting from the Elder's memory. At no time in after-life was he tempted to violate his pledge.

Here was planted another milestone in his youthful pathway. To him it was one of the most pleasing remembrances of his life, in the midst of the conflicts for Temperance and Prohibition in which he was

engaged, that he could date his enlistment with the great army of men and women in the cause of God and humanity from this meeting, with the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, as his mustering officer.

Years passed away. Many changes had taken place. Father, mother, brother and sisters, one by one had been called to join the silent majority.

Much of the time during the civil war the Elder was engaged in enrolling, recruiting, and soliciting money for the hospital and prison. In this work he well-nigh forgot all but the outward forms of Christianity. The last gun had been fired, opposing armies had surrendered, the white dove of peace rested on the ark of the Union; but in the Elder's heart there was no peace. The long-neglected spiritual man was starving. His inmost soul cried out:

“I cannot rest till in the blood
I full redemption have,
But thou, by whom we come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.”

Did ever the cry of one of God's children fail to reach His ear? Never.

So this cry was heard and answered in the coming of Evangelist True to the church and home of the Elder to “show him the way more perfectly.”

The poor lost child, after days and nights of wandering without food or shelter, was not more eager for food and shelter than was the Elder for spiritual life and power. He drank in the words of the evangelist, and bowing low at the feet of the Master whom he had tried to love and serve from childhood, consecrating himself soul and body, time and talents, powers, prospects, present and future, for time and eternity, all a living sacrifice, while faith, mighty faith, took hold of the promises and his feet touched the "Rock of Ages" on which to rest after years of weary wanderings in the wilderness of doubt and fear. Peace, joy and satisfaction came like an ever-flowing stream into his soul. Not such joy as breaks forth in songs of gladness or ejaculations of praise, to be forgotten when the ecstatic vision had passed away, but the deeper joy that comes when fetters are broken, when clouds are dispersed, and the man emerges from a state of weakness and fear into conscious strength and power, all doubts, hesitation and fear gone forever. The emptying of the heart of worldly desires, appetites and passions, and the filling up with a heavenly spirit, where love, joy, peace, long-suffering and brotherly kindness grow like exotic plants in the rich soil of Divine love, watered by the dews of heavenly grace, with the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost as abiding guests. The soul tranquil,

serene, trusting, sitting like Mary at the Master's feet, "ready for every good word and work."

Without entering into any theological discussion, it is in keeping with the teaching of the Book, that whoever consents to have Christ possess him entirely, soul and body, submitting to be fashioned according to His will, he will enter into a new life with new aims, desires, purposes and plans; henceforth his life must and will partake of the spirit of Jesus.

"If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature." He begins to live for God; all his plans are laid with direct reference to the will of God; what God loves, he loves; what God hates, he hates; what God wants him to do, he wants to do; what God commands him to do, he believes he is able to do: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Possessed by this spirit the Elder steps forth on the field of action, weak in his own strength, but strong in the faith that God is able to make him stand.

Thus another milestone was passed.

CHAPTER III.

Building the Home.

THE day had been a busy one; together with the Elder and his wife sat a dear friend from whom they had long been separated. His coming was very unexpected, and in this, not unlike the gathering of the "wise men" on the plain, so beautifully described in "Ben Hur" (guided by spirit intuition, it may be); joyous greetings had been exchanged, and now we find them holding sweet converse relative to the peace and joy that filled their hearts as they yielded themselves continually to the "mighty to save." Let us pause here and introduce Brother Wise, the friend of whom we have spoken.

Years ago Brother Wise had been the instrument in the hands of God to open the precious truth to the Elder and his wife. He was much older than they; plain, positive, possessing a clear insight into truth, tireless in his efforts to promote it, and, withal, very wise in his manner of presentation. He came not as one heralded from afar, but simply dropped in as a ray of sunlight, with a heart as warm and full of the love

of God as one "who had been with Jesus and learned of him." It might have been said of him, as of John, "He was a disciple whom Jesus loved." He was not numbered among the great, he did not sit in the highest seat in the Synagogues, neither was his advice sought after by popular professors. On the contrary, to many, he was a "disturber in Israel;" to such souls as were earnestly seeking to make the precious truth of God their own, he was the Moses to lead them out of the bondage of doubt and fear into the rest of faith.

When God undertakes great enterprises, He knows where to lay his hand on the instrument. Unlike men, He is likely to choose from those who are of little consequence in the estimation of the worldly-wise, as Joseph in prison, or David with his sling. There may be a philosophical reason for this when we remember how we tire of applying to men who refuse us help and sympathy, and turn to those who are ever ready to listen to the cry of distress and need. So it may be that our Heavenly Father will turn away from those who, when called to follow him, are ready to say, "Suffer me first to go and bury my father." "The willing and obedient shall eat the fruit of the land." Such was the willing obedience of Abraham that God said, "I know Abraham;" so He knows among His children just who are ready to answer the call and go forward to do or

die. Such was the character of the group described. Ears open to hear the voice, hands ready to execute the will.

When the Elder opened the subject of building the Home to Brother Wise, he found in him a ready helper.

"Now I see," said he, "why I am here so unexpectedly both to you and myself."

"It looks," replied the Elder's wife, "as though the dear Lord had brought you here at this time for this very purpose."

The Elder remarked that he had this day completed the purchase of lands on which to locate the Home. The deeds had been passed and the money paid.

"What are your plans?" asked Brother Wise.

"We have fifty acres of land; on this buildings will be erected sufficient to provide for at least one thousand people. The main, or centre building will contain parlors, library, reading-rooms, dining-rooms, and kitchen—all on the ground floor. The second story will be divided into single and double rooms for the use of the occupants. The garret and basement will be used for store and work rooms. Around this centre building, small neat cottages will be built and grouped together in such a way as to be convenient, and so arranged that the old saints can preserve much of home life, even to taking their meals at a family

table if desired. The food will all be prepared in the great kitchen and bakery. The buildings will be heated by steam, and so constructed as to be as near fireproof as possible; the designs to be as beautiful as art can make them. On one side of the grounds a large chapel will be built; leading from the main building of the Home to the chapel will be a broad conservatory filled with fragrant flowers, so when the old saints attend chapel service they will pass through this conservatory shielded from exposure in inclement weather. The grounds will be laid out with walks and drives, and filled with fruits, flowers, fountains, arbors,—in fact everything that will add to the comfort, pleasure and good cheer of the old warriors as they close their lives of toil. Barns filled with horses and carriages will be provided in abundance for the comfort of all who dwell there.”

“Could I see such a home as you describe,” said Brother Wise, “that was to stand out before the world as a tangible evidence of the ‘Love of the brethren,’ I would say with Simeon, ‘Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.’”

At this moment there was a sharp rap at the door. When the Elder opened it, Father Brown stood before him. Bidding him enter, they rejoiced greatly over

this unexpected meeting of those who had known and loved each other so long.

Father Brown was a dear, good man, greatly beloved by all his brethren. He desired to do the whole will of God, but was of that, peculiar temperament that inclined him to mistrust and fear everything that led out of the old beaten paths. His boyhood had been spent in poverty; having little opportunity for education, his ideas, in the main, were narrow; his habits economical, very; indeed, it was said of him that he possessed rare "*saving knowledge*," especially so far as the things of this world was concerned. He, by application of this knowledge to business, combined with great energy, had accumulated a large share of this world's goods, provided well for his family,—all before he gave much attention to "seeking the kingdom of God." Now that his soul had been aroused and rays of divine love found way to his heart, he began to "see men as trees walking," and so far as he could go, hampered as he had been all his life by fearfulness and dread lest he should make a mistake and suffer loss thereby, he was alive to the importance of faithful work, and to the best of his ability he was doing it. His house was open to the saints. "Given to hospitality," he was ready to "distribute to the necessity of saints," provided he could do it according to his ideas of liberality.

May we offer a reflection here on the difficulties that hedge around a man after all his early life has been trained by precept and example to worldly, selfish principles, that it requires a wondrous stretch of grace to fit him for doing very ordinary work in the Lord's vineyard. We do well to remember that, in the early days of the world, God trained his mightiest men from childhood, as Samuel the Rechabites, and a great host of others whose deeds are recorded for our encouragement and help.

Father Brown had heard of the proposed Home—in fact almost everybody else had around the city. The purchase of the land and the object became known by many, who spread it abroad as a world's wonder, if not the "freak of a lunatic." Where was all the money to come from, was the great question. When the people began to realize the extent, comfort and magnificence of the Home, with all its appointments and surroundings, the wise shook their heads and the selfish said, "Why all this waste?" Father Brown had heard all this, and he hastened to see the Elder, to find out the truth of the matter and give such advice as he in the goodness of his heart thought best, for he loved the Elder as a son, and would grieve to see him get into trouble.

"I have heard strange news to-day," said he.

"Indeed," replied the Elder; "pray tell us what it is."

"Well, I hear you have bought land on which to build a Home for old preachers and their wives, and I have come to learn something about it."

"Tell us what you have heard."

Father Brown replied, "I have heard that you are going to build a Home for Old and Worn-out Preachers and their wives sufficient to take care of one thousand people; that it is to be on a grand scale; ornamented with turrets and gables, and angels and pictures, and flowers and fountains, and drives, and cottages, and conservatories, and all sorts of furbelows and fixins; and those who live there are never to be exposed to rain and snow and storm; that they are to walk through flowery avenues to church; some are to live in cottages, and have their food prepared and sent to them by attendants, and the Home is to be full of books and music, and preachers, of all denominations, and their wives, are to be welcome. So I have come to ask if this is true, and 'where is all the money to come from?' and if you think it's right to use the Lord's money in this extravagant way."

"Don't you think there ought to be some provision made for our preachers after they are worn out?" quietly asked the Elder's wife.

"Well, yes," said Father Brown, "I suppose that would be well enough, but I, for one, don't feel called upon to take care of every one simply because they are poor. We pay our preachers, and they ought to take care of their money; besides, this whole thing savors of pride and will encourage high living.

"*'The Master had not where to lay his head,'* and the *'disciple shall be as his Master.'* It will take a million of money to carry out this plan, and you could not collect so much in a lifetime—the people will not give it. *'He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel and has denied the faith.'*"

"Father Brown," said Brother Wise, "the Lord has plenty of money. *'The cattle on a thousand hills are his.'*"

"Oh, yes, I know," said he; "but we must not run too fast. *'The wise man sits down and counts the cost, to see whether he is able to build, before he begins, lest haply he be unable to finish.'* So I think you had better start out and see how much of this million you can raise first. But don't come to me; I am always ready to do what I can, but *'charity begins at home,'* you know."

Father Brown seemed greatly agitated during this conversation, possibly fearing that in this work some financial responsibility might fall on him.

Elder Love suggested they spend a few moments in prayer. While they kneeled before God, a strange power fell upon them, and sweet peace filled all their hearts. Rising from their knees the Elder began to sing,

“Oh! that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.”

When the singing ceased the Elder said to Father Brown:

“The money is all provided for the Home; not only for the buildings and grounds, but for its maintenance as well for all time to come. It came from the dear Lord. We are only His stewards to carry on the work. We are so glad to see you to-night, for we need your advice in this matter.”

Elder Love understood Father Brown so well that he knew just how to interest him, and when once interested he was truly a wise and valuable counselor. From that hour Father Brown became greatly interested in the work and was one of the best advisers.

When it became generally known what was to be done, there was endless advice tendered as to how to do it, and endless criticisms as to the manner of doing it. Could the buildings have been erected and furnished

with advice, there was sufficient to have provided for an innumerable company. All classes and conditions of men knew just how to do everything, and the rejection of any plan was sufficient to call down the anathemas of the planners.

The foundations were laid, materials gathered, Christian workmen employed; the blessings of the Lord abided with the workmen, until in one short year the work was completed, the doors thrown open, while from many places the aged and weary servants of God began to make pilgrimage to the place where they were to rest and wait until called to join the "blood-washed" around the throne.

They who mingled in that saintly throng, as they took up their abode in the Home, witnessed scenes that cheered their hearts through all after-life. The spirit of heaven seemed to pervade every nook and corner, breathed through the corridors and halls, rustled amid the trees and flowers, and gave inspiration to the songs of praise on every lip. Indeed, it would have been difficult to tell who were the happiest, they who were to enjoy the home or those who looked on and saw what had been done. The Master had said, "It is more blessed to give than receive," and this truth was realized by every one who had engaged in this work.

Father Brown was no longer the fearful saint, but the strong, mighty man of God.

Brother Wise was by no means ready to imitate Simeon's desire, now that he beheld the completed work, but, like Caleb, "his eye was not dim, neither his natural strength abated," and he was ready to lead on to the mountains of Hebron, and fight until "The wilderness was given to Him for a possession and the uttermost parts of the earth for an inheritance."

CHAPTER IV.

The Discovery.

THE history, character, training and convictions of Elder Love in his early life need not be told in this chapter. It will be sufficient to say, when he found his way to the "fountain of cleansing," the spirit of divine love so filled his heart and controlled every thought, purpose and plan of his life, that he went forth with the one longing desire, that overshadowed everything else, to do something to lift the burdens of humanity and make men happier and better. He saw all around him God's children bearing heavy burdens, loaded with care and sorrow. To him it was not the realization of the fulfillment of promises made to the children of men that was to follow the coming of the Messiah and the establishment of the "New Kingdom." To see the children of a King in poverty and destitution, without the ability to help them in any way, was more at times than it seemed possible for him to endure.

This was especially true as he came in contact with many faithful ministers who had, in the vigor of youth and early manhood, turned away from glittering

promises of wealth, position and power to answer the call of the Master to preach the everlasting Gospel, after spending years in constant toil and sacrifice, laying the foundations of the Christian Church in the then "far west," amid privation and want that would have discouraged any other class of men. He now saw them old and poor, broken in health, and, in many cases, neglected and forgotten. Had it been in his power he would have fed them on the "fat of the land" and strewn their pathway with flowers until the King should send the angels and the chariot to convey them to the home of the saints in the land of eternal sunshine.

As days and years rolled by, this desire and longing grew and grew, as he continuously cried to God for some way by which he might lift these burdens and present to the world a practical object-lesson illustrating true Christian love. But the skies grew darker as he failed to realize his fondest anticipations in his plans and labors to better humanity and lighten their burdens.

Poverty pressed sore upon him, friends withdrew their sympathy, health failed, and around him there gathered, as birds of "ill omen," those who looked down on what appeared to them a stranded wreck being rapidly broken to pieces by the raging storm, with no life-boat in sight. Gladly would the Elder have heard the call, "Enough! come up higher," as the waves

dashed against him, shattering all his fondest hopes, but for the conscious fact that his work was not done, and the silken cords of love that bound him to the helpless ones dependent on him.

In these hours of gloom and almost despair the Elder continued to plead the promises of the God of Elijah, never doubting that in some way deliverance would come.

A few days later Elder Love had a visit from an old friend to whom he told his story of persecution and sorrow. It may seem strange that one who had never turned away from the cry of distress, whose heart, home and purse were ever open to the cry of those in need, should thus be left alone, shunned, traduced, hated and despised. But it was so. Some who had been led to the Cross by him were now leading on in this shameful persecution, and in the bitterness of their backslidings were crying, "Away with him!" "Away with him!"

Mr. Allen, the friend referred to, although a very worldly man, deeply sympathized with the Elder, gave him some money for pressing needs, and proposed to send him to the mountains to select and purchase a stock ranch; and for this service agreed to pay him a liberal salary, with instructions to take plenty of time and report progress. Elder Love's friend had great

faith in his honesty and judgment regarding a stock ranch, but none whatever in the guidance of the Divine Hand.

A few days of preparation sufficed, and bidding farewell to his family he went forth on his new mission.

We need not follow him in this story other than to record the fact that he went forth trusting alone in the promise, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Ere long he reported having found a place well-suited for a stock ranch which could be purchased at a price considered reasonable and just. Instructions to purchase soon came, with a further commission to look for a flock with which to stock the ranch by the time Mr. Allen should arrive to take formal possession of his property.

At the head of the valley there lived an old German who owned a fine flock which was reported for sale, Thither the Elder wended his way. On arriving there he found the flock would only be sold on condition that the ranch be purchased also, as the owner wished to return to the "fader land" and die amid the scenes of his childhood.

Mr. Allen soon arrived and was conducted by the Elder to the old German. The flock pleased him so well that the purchase was made, and, not caring for the apparently worthless ranch, Mr. Allen generously

presented it to the Elder and had the title made direct to him.*

While tending Mr. Allen's flocks the strange providence that led to the separation of the Elder from his family he so dearly loved led him to seek closer communion with God. Life to him was a strange paradox. Loneliness, sorrow, hardship and disappointment on the one hand; on the other, growth, power and love developed in larger measure than ever before, until, like Enoch, the Elder "walked with God."

The old desire, the unutterable longing, never forsook him, but grew with his growth and increased with his power.

Mr. Allen, suddenly and unexpectedly, met with serious loss at home which swept all his fortune away save what he had invested in the ranch and flock, which caused him to remove to the ranch and locate there. The Elder was of necessity discharged. Mr. Allen, being unable to pay the last quarter's salary, gave him a small flock and advised him to go to his own property and start for himself.

With a sad heart the Elder again went forth, never daring to "lean to his own understandings" lest he should become bewildered and fall by the way. Far away from his loved ones, shut up to his own com-

*An old Spanish claim.

panionship, as he looked about him there seemed no way out, while the enemy laughed at him and said continually, "Where is thy God?"

In this dark hour the Elder drew nearer and nearer to God, saying, in the language of Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The desire to see his family, the possibility of never seeing them, their needs, the needs of those he desired to help, pressed harder and harder upon him until the physical man almost sank beneath the load. Casting himself on his face, he cried in the bitterness of his soul, and yet in humble confidence, "Dear Lord, if it please Thee to have me walk this way alone all the days of my life, never to see my family again until we meet on the other shore, never to realize my fondest hopes, 'Thy will be done;' henceforth I will walk alone with Thee." Quicker than lightning's flash a voice spake to his inner soul, saying: "Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with thee." Peace unutterable and unearthly flowed through his soul, firmness, strength and power girded him round as never before in all the rich experiences of his life.

Like a great giant he started to the little station a few miles away, with never a doubt, never a fear. Arriving at the station, he sold his flock, purchased a few mining tools and employed two strong men to pros-

pect for ore on the ranch. When the men at the station learned his purpose, some tried to dissuade him, others laughed at him, all declaring "No ore was ever found there."

Heeding not their jeers or counsel, he pressed on, and in a few short weeks discovered a bed of ore that for richness and extent had never been equalled in all the mining regions.

God had surely guided him in all these days of darkness, and prepared him by trial, disappointment and sorrow for the great work that was before him.

CHAPTER V.

Uncle John and Brother Shrewd.

“Well, wife, when I was down at S—— I went to the Old Preachers’ Home, and I jist want to tell you, I don’t believe in it,” said Uncle John Smith, as he lit his pipe and sat down by the cozy fire in the old-fashioned fire-place.

“Why, I thought that it was something grand, from all I’ve hearn tell of. I’ve been thinkin’ I’d like to see it myself, if it didn’t cost so much to go down,” remarked Aunt Sally, as she sat knitting a pair of stockings for her husband.

“Well,” said Uncle John, “I can’t see any good in sich fixins as they have there; it’s pride, nothing but pride, and spending money that ought to be sent to the heathen. Some of them old preachers that used to be glad to get a pone of cornbread and a bowl of milk, now have beefsteak and potatoes, and oatmeal, and coffee and fruit, and all sorts of fixins, and the house is all covered with carpets, with a great room full of books and papers, pianners; and, don’t you think, they have a stable full of horses and carriages for ’em to ride round in, and the meetin’ house (they call it a chapel) will hold two thousand people when it’s all thrown

open; and a great organ; and when these old preachers start to meetin' they jist step into a broad conservatory full of flowers, covered with glass, and never get cold or wet as they go. I tell you, wife, it's nothing but pride, and pride will ruin 'em!"

"Well, now," said Aunt Sally, "that's real nice, I should think; it makes me think of the Scriptur' I was readin' t'other day, but I couldn't understand it—'The pathway of the just is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.' When I read that I sat and pondered over it a long time. I couldn't understand it—leastwise that's not our 'sperience. I remember when we jined meetin' we was happy all the time if we was poor; and sich good times as we had when we got together singin' and prayin' and tellin' our 'sperience, but now it looks like it gits darker and darker in place of lighter; since we got so much land, and you got to lendin' money and takin' mortgages, 'pears like it jist gits darker and darker all the time. I sometimes wish we were back in the old cabin, and old Deacon Wright had the farm you took away from him for debt."

"What's that got to do with it? You always turn everything off by saying something about old Wright. I tell you, wife, we can't afford to give away our money to every old man because he happens to be a Christian."

"I know," said Aunt Sally; "but somehow I am glad there is one place in this world where these old preachers can rest a few days before they pass over to their reward in Heaven. The Home must be something like the Land of Beulah that we used to read about in Pilgrim's Progress, where 'the birds sing night and day.' I wish I could go and see it; and if I could sell my turkeys I would go down, it would be such a treat to meet some of the old preachers we used to know—wonder if any of them are there?"

"Well, yes," said Uncle John; "I saw Old Father Hopeful; he was all dressed up, boots blacked, and he went round singin' 'I have a friend in Jesus' jist like he used to do. I didn't say much to him, for I don't think he likes me very well since that time I traded horses with him and then wouldn't trade back jist because he thought I cheated him. I did get the best of the bargain by fifty dollars, but it was his own offer and I ain't to blame."

"Good mornin', Uncle John." "Good mornin', Brother Shrewd; real glad to see you. Jist home from S——, and I was kinder feelin' like I wanted to talk to you."

"Tell you what, Brother Shrewd, things ain't goin' to suit me in the Church by any means. I was to see the Old Preachers' Home, and sich a display as they

are makin' down there is enough to make us old-fashioned people leave the church. Tain't like it used to be—*religion's gettin' to be a mighty expensive article*. Jist to think of that lot down there walkin' on carpets and eatin' the best beef and other fixins, and wearin' fine clothes, boots blacked, and not doin' a thing, while we have to work and skimp and save to pay our preacher. I paid him ten dollars last year, and *fifty cents* for the missionary cause, and then he wan't satisfied, but insulted me here in my own house. I reckon I never told you about that. Well, you see it was like this: He came here one mornin', the very mornin' that I sold that last lot of cattle, and wanted me to take the Church paper. I told him I was takin' a Republican paper and a Democrat paper, so I could read both sides, and then I took the 'Drover's Journal' and the 'Police Gazette' for the boys, and that was all I could possibly do in that line. Then he wanted missionary money. To get rid of him I gave him 'two bits' and a bushel of apples that was worth fifty cents, and told him to give me credit for 'four bits' for missions.

"Well, you jist ought to have heard him talk. He talked to me jist like I was a sinner. He said that a man who owned a thousand acres of land and had twenty-five thousand dollars loaned out, and had jist sold one hundred head of the finest cattle in the country,

ought to give fifty dollars to the missionary cause and take the church papers too; besides, he said that if I took the 'Police Gazette' it was no wonder that my boys was called the worst in the country. But I never like to quarrel, so I jist let him go his way; but I tell you, *if Conference sends him back here I'll not pay him one cent.*"

Brother Shrewd agreed with Uncle John perfectly, but wanted to know more about the Home, for the preacher had preached about it and had left a paper at his house for him to read a full account of it.

The preacher had taken for his text, "Will a man rob God?" and had stirred up Brother Shrewd very much, especially as he had insisted that the very least a man could do for the cause of Christ was to give one-tenth of his income. He also said to do that was not giving, inasmuch as that much belonged to God as His share, and to withhold that was robbery. And then he had a great deal to say about consecration; the sins of the church; the responsibility of the membership in pushing on the work; the need of money; the uses of money in building up the Kingdom of Christ, and ever so many things.

"For my part," said Brother Shrewd, "I think he had better preach to sinners—that's a preacher's duty; and as for money, 'salvation's free'—that's my doctrin' and

always has been. It was the good old doctrin' I was raised on. Then the preachers preached every day in the week and was satisfied if they got their board and 'hoss feed' and twenty-five dollars a year. And now they have the Home all fixed up as nice as they can make it, to cultivate pride; and they'll be after us, Uncle John, for money to help run it. For my part, I ain't goin' to give a cent. If these old preachers had saved their money, they could have had a home of their own, provided they hadn't been too lazy to work."

"One thing more he said that made me mad, and, if it hadn't been for the name of the thing, I would have got right up and left the church; but it would have looked kinder bad for an old class-leader to show mad and leave the church before meetin' was out. He said every Christian ought to vote against the liquor traffic; that 'high license' was of the Devil; and the Bishop had said 'It cannot be licensed without sin.' Now the Bishops are no doubt good men, but I think, seein' as men will drink, we had better make 'em pay license, and that would save taxes, and build sidewalks and sich. The truth is I don't believe in mixin' politics with religion, nohow, and I mean to tell him so.

"Now this Home is jist stirrin' up the people all over the country. There's the widow Jones, she says that hereafter she's goin' to lay aside the tenth of all

she receives and have it ready for the Lord's work whenever needed, and she's so poor that if she was sick a week she would have to go to the poorhouse for us to support. Tell you, 'taint right for us to have to toil hard and save money and pay taxes to support them as won't work or save their money when they have it. And then old Brother Plain—he's jist makin' things howl about us votin' the whisky ticket. He told me that it was that 'High licensed' saloon that tempted my Bob to drink; he said he was such a bright, manly boy he never would have gone into a low 'doggerly;' but when that old schemer came to town and opened that grand saloon and had music and dancin' and picturs and cut glass, that Bob thought it was respectable and walked right in with the Judge's boy, and now he's a low-down drunkard. Well, I couldn't say much in answer, seein' as I voted for license, but somehow I think that in 'God's own good time,' He will bring Bob back. Now Bob hain't bin drinkin' long; I think the fust glass he ever tasted was when we hauled that big lot of corn to the distillery last year. For my part, I can't see what temperance has to do with politics. The thing for us to do is to train our children at home and then there will be no danger of the saloon."

Aunt Sally had quietly listened to this conversation, and her old weary heart had beat faster, while thrills of

pain ran through her mind as she remembered how that only a few nights before her baby boy had been carried home drunk from this same *respectable* saloon.

The two old men had ceased to talk for a few moments—it may be they were trying to harmonize their actions to make them at least appear consistent.

When Aunt Sally said, “I propose to go down and see the Home for myself, and if it is as you say I think I shall like it; certainly there is nothing in this world too good for such old saints as Father Hopeful and many others of our preachers. Don’t the Bible say that ‘He has given us all these things richly to enjoy’? Now the difference between the Home and us is, we have toiled and pinched and saved to add farm to farm and dollar to dollar until our souls are dwarfed, our homes are cheerless, our children uneducated, and we are slaves to a little property ‘that will perish with the using.’ Our children going to the bad, through the ‘high-licensed’ saloon, legalized and made respectable by the votes of such good old deacons and class-leaders as you are. Yes, I’m going down to see, and someway I feel that the opening of this Home is going to help us in turning our thoughts away from ourselves and inspiring us with new hopes and desires for the remainder of our lives. And then it will be so nice to have these old saints step out of their temporary home of

rest and quiet, through the flowers and perfume of Christian grace and love, into the land of eternal rest and joy. Yes, I'm going, and when I get back I will tell you all about it."

CHAPTER VI.

Early Pioneers.

The conversation given in the preceding chapter was in what was regarded as one of the best homes of the country. Uncle John Smith wooed and won one of the most beautiful and lovely girls in a little village in one of the eastern states. They began life and home-keeping with nothing but strong hands and willing hearts, bound together by love's golden chain. Honest, patient industry brought with it its accustomed reward, and slowly but surely they laid the foundations for a sufficiency of this world's goods, well satisfied with their surroundings and steady accumulations, until the tide of emigration set in for the prairies of the Great West. Uncle John was among the first to see the advantage of a home where he could cultivate the marvelous, rich prairie soil, and where countless herds could roam unrestricted, and feed on the grasses of that fabled land.

The desire to leave the rocky, sterile soil at the old homestead grew and grew until he could resist it no longer, when he resolved to relocate. Disposing of his home and effects, with a strong team and wagon,

and such household goods as he could stow away in the wagon, he, with his wife and two children, bade farewell to the home of his birth, his friends, the Old Church, and turned toward the setting sun. He had only traveled a few days when he fell in company with Brother Shrewd, who had caught the same spirit in another part of the country and had the same end in view. They were near the same age—each had a wife and two children, a good team and some money. Both were industrious, energetic, capable and well qualified to grapple with any ordinary amount of hardships. They held the same religious views, and naturally affiliated with each other. Having common interests, they agreed to journey together. When the Sabbath came, they remained in their simple camp, read their Bibles, sang hymns and talked of all the wonderful things that had been “revealed unto them by His Spirit.” Thus they continued their journey for several weeks, until at last, weary and worn, they halted on the banks of a beautiful stream skirted by a narrow belt of timber, while to the east and west the prairie stretched away as far as the eye could reach. Resting here for a time, they were so charmed with the matchless beauty of the scenery of waving grass and lovely flowers, they decided to locate. They soon had their rude cabins erected, a few necessities were procured from a distant

town, and the work of home-building recommenced. Seed-time and harvest came, and these two friends found themselves, if not rich, surrounded by all that was necessary to make them comfortable.

A year or more had passed away—the little fields had been enlarged, some cows and pigs were purchased, and their general prospects grew brighter every day. Occasionally a traveler looked in upon them for a night's lodging. Twice during the time one or the other had gone to the distant town for supplies. Aside from this they were alone, with only an occasional letter from home. They were too busy, however, to be lonely. They missed the association of their brethren and the old church more, perhaps, than anything else, so they often sang,

“There is a scene where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.”

Alone, yet not alone, these men and women realized that the “God of Jacob was their refuge,” and to Him they went with their cares and never went in vain.

The usual hardships had to be endured. One after another fell victims to the diseases incident to a new country until they became acclimated or the frosts of winter expelled the malaria.

The day had been cold and cheerless, as the indications of a coming storm were seen in the northwest,—just such a day as would cause gloomy and homesick feelings and make us sigh for companionship with some dear friend. The two families were together. Uncle John had been out hunting, bringing in a fine fat venison which had been dressed, and the two men sat before the fire of blazing hickory logs, while the women busied themselves preparing supper. A call was heard at the door, which was quickly answered, and the stranger bid to enter. It was entirely unnecessary to ask for lodgings, for this was always understood by the sturdy pioneers of the Great West. The “saddle-bags” were brought in and the horse provided for in the stable near by. By the time this was done, supper was on the table and the stranger invited to a seat. It was not such a supper as might be spread at Delmonico’s, or some other celebrated caterer’s; simply a plain pioneer supper, consisting of cornbread, bacon, venison, hominy, milk, butter and hot coffee, garnished with a glad and joyous welcome and a true recognition of the Divine Giver.

Let us pause here a moment and introduce this stranger. He was tall and slender, plain of speech, sober and earnest in his manner, clad in homespun, with his coat cut in a peculiar way, dispensing with all

superfluities. There was a sweetness of expression on his lips that revealed the fact that he had been touched by fire from off the divine altar. It would have been useless for him to have told our friends his mission—they had divined that already. He was an ambassador for Christ, and gave his name as Brother Hopeful; his work was to look for the scattered and lost sheep of the House of Israel. Having heard of these friends, he had ridden more than forty miles that day to reach them. Never was one received with a more generous, hearty welcome, as they sat around the plain substantial table and partook of the evening meal. Long in the night our friends listened to his words as he spoke of his work, sang, prayed and encouraged them. Each might have said to the other, as they separated for the night to seek rest and repose, "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us by the way"!

Brother Hopeful bade them farewell early next morning, promising to return soon again.

To follow these good souls through all the ups and downs of pioneer life would weary the reader. Suffice it to say, as time went on many settlers came, new homes were made, farms enlarged, herds increased, other children were added to the family groups, wealth accumulated, a railroad was built, a town was laid out on Uncle John's land, and general prosperity came on

every side until our friends were the proud owners of broad acres, with bonds and stocks of magnificent proportions. Ambitious men sought their influence in politics. The army had claimed a boy from Uncle John, the first-born, whose devotion to the old flag led him to lay down his life on Shiloh's bloody field, for whom Aunt Sally, like Rachel, mourned, and refused to be comforted. Aunt Sally had been a patient toiler through all these changes and successes, carefully noting the painful fact that Uncle John and Brother Shrewd, though nominally at the head of the now large and prosperous church, had lost the fire out of their hearts. "Hosannas languished on their tongues." They had grown richer each succeeding year, but there was a chilling, deathly feeling creeping over them day by day. The more money they had the more they wanted, and the tighter grew the grip on what they had. They sighed for the old-time methods, partly because they cost so little money; but no doubt there were times when their tired, hungry souls would murmur,

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord;
Where is the soul's refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?"

Do not say these were bad men—they were good men; only the god of this world had blinded their

minds so they could not see. They were strictly honest as the world goes, but their standard of honesty was the standard of the world. Money was worth all it would bring, regardless of the law of Church or State. They were ready to obey the command of the Master when he said, "Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away;" that is, they would give like the Irishman prayed for a blessing on his enemy, "To a limited extent," and they would lend on note and good security. They never went security; in fact they did not believe in it only when security was to make themselves secure. They were willing also to obey the command to "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth;" so they laid up for their children.

Do not judge these men harshly, for of such men we have the bone and sinew of the country; but alas, their "gold and silver eat as doth a canker," until all spiritual life was eaten away and nothing remained but the cold lifeless skeleton of selfishness and worldly love.

Aunt Sally had seen all this and cried unto God in secret until her weary heart ached, but it brought little comfort to her. Now she resolved to make another effort to break the bands that bound her worldly husband, and somehow she was strangely impressed that

the influence of the Home would stir up the Church to good works and help to unload the large surplus and make the entering into the Kingdom easier. Accordingly she set about preparing her turkeys for market.

Let it be remembered that notwithstanding she had been an equal partner with her husband in all the labors, toils and sacrifices by which they had acquired their wealth, not one cent of it was hers to use as she liked. He might spend five hundred, yes, a thousand or more, in a political campaign without question, but if she had a farthing for her own use she must get it by selling turkeys, chickens, or some other little thing of her own devising. With these thoughts Aunt Sally was busy with her preparations. She was also anxious to see Father Hopeful once more.

Many years had passed away since they met, still she remembered him as he came to their humble home and taught them the way of life, comforted them in their sorrow; she remembered the time he stood over her fevered couch and fought back the disease that threatened to take her away from her then helpless family; she remembered when he said, "I am the resurrection and the life," at the grave of her only daughter; she also remembered his sad face as he turned away from her home for the last time when Uncle John refused to restore him his horse when he found he had

been wronged. And now she longed to see him again, and, so far as she could, make restitution, and rejoice with him in his new-found rest and comfort. She promised herself to present him some beautiful and useful token of her regard and appreciation of his faithful work. For this purpose she had a little store laid away that she had received as her patrimony from her dear old father, who was now one of the elect around the throne.

CHAPTER VII.

The Capitalists.

WE must now go back to the mountains in order to fully understand how the money was obtained that was being used by Elder Love in his work.

Long had the necessity of such work pressed on his mind and heart by day and by night, as he had moved in the busy marts of life and become acquainted with the strange worldliness that prevailed among the children of God almost everywhere. Scattered all over the country could be found the old, the sick, and the poor, who at some time or other had borne the heat and burden of the day as they went forth to preach the everlasting Gospel; with Bible and hymn-book, and on horseback they went from settlement to settlement, and from cabin to cabin, seeking the lost and wandering sheep, comforting, encouraging and helping all. They defied the storm and scorned the hardships, that they might preach Christ. Grandly they did their work until labor, exposure and disease told the fearful story

that the outward man could no longer go forth to seek lost men.

Little do the people know to-day, who sit in the cushioned pew in the comfortable church and enjoy the services of God's house, surrounded by wealth and luxury, what these men of God suffered and endured to lay the foundations of society and the Christian Church. They went out under the inspiration that it was "all their business here below to cry," "Behold the Lamb!" While others secured lands and made homes, these heroes lived—or rather existed—on meagre salaries, never laying by anything—in fact, never having anything to lay by.

The following report, by Rev. T. A. Parker, Champaign, Ill., from the *Central Christian Advocate*, will furnish some idea of what these men endured in the early days:

"Alexander McAllister, Samuel Hamilton and John Scripps, being appointed a committee of appropriations for the Missouri Conference, beg leave to report as follows: Your committee find committed to them the sum of five hundred and twenty-five dollars, that is to say, from the Book Concern, three hundred dollars; from the Chartered Fund, one hundred dollars; a present by the Bishop, fifty dollars; a present from the Tennessee Conference, fifty dollars; raised on the Indian Creek circuit, twenty dollars; on the Illinois circuit, five dollars. On the above sum your

committee find our Reverend Fathers, the Bishops, have a demand for sixty-four dollars. After deducting which there remains four hundred and sixty-one dollars to be divided among the following claimants, according to the respective amounts of their several quarterages, which are as follows:

	Claim.	Quarterage.	Deficiency.	Amount Distributed
Samuel H. Thompson....	\$ 200	\$200.00		
Samuel Hamilton.....	100	100.00		
John Shroder.....	100	100.00		
John Steward.....	100	100.00		
Calvin Ruter.....	100	100.00		
James Scott.....	100	100.00		
Job M. Baker.....	116	116.00		
Wm. L. Hawley, half year.	50	40.00	\$ 10.00	
David Sharp.....	100	77.20	22.80	
Thomas Daviss.....	200	42.37½	157.62½	\$ 25.23½
Philip Davis.....	100	51.50	48.50	
John Kirkpatrick.....	200	101.00	99.00	
Samuel Glaize.....	100	46.87½	53.14½	
Washington Orr.....	100	45.45¾	54.50½	
Alexander McAllister....	100	40.00	60.00	
Jesse Haile.....	100	39.62½	60.37½	
John Wallace.....	200	68.68¾	131.31¼	
Thomas Wright.....	200	65.62½	134.37½	1.97½
Josiah Peterson.....	200	58.75	141.25	8.85
John McCord.....	100	28.62½	71.37½	5.17½
Wm. Townsend.....	100	26.87½	73.12½	6.92½
Wm. Nildford.....	100	24.75	75.25	9.50
Jesse Walker.....	200	49.12½	150.87½	18.47½
Henry Stevenson, half year	100	22.12½	77.87½	11.67½
John Harriss.....	100	22.00	78.00	11.80
Thomas Tennant.....	100	15.00	85.00	18.80
Levin Green, half year...	100	15.00	85.00	18.80
Isaac N. Piggott.....	200	32.00	168.00	35.60
Wm. Harned.....	200	24.62½	175.37½	42.47½
John McFarland.....	200	22.75	177.25	44.85
Josiah Piggott.....	200	20.00	180.00	47.60
John Scripps.....	100	6.00	94.00	27.80
Wm. Stevenson.....	200	10.00	190.00	57.60
Jacob Whiteside.....	200	0.00	200.00	67.60
Total	\$ 4.666	\$1,807.75	\$2,858.25	\$460.77½

The total claims of these thirty-four fathers of Methodism was four thousand six hundred and sixty-six dollars—not a munificent sum for themselves and families—and yet they came to this conference with a deficiency of two thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight dollars and twenty five cents. For one thousand eight hundred and seven dollars and seventy-five cents these self-devoted men went through the year. The descendants of John Scripps will wonder how their father could have sustained himself and family on six dollars for the year; and what do the numerous survivors of Jacob Whiteside imagine were the feelings of their father, who, after a year of hard toil, went to this Conference not having received a cent of his claim!

T. A. PARKER.

Champaign, Ill.

These are not isolated cases, but common, painfully common, all over the land. Many of them, when too old or infirm to longer lead the hosts to battle, have been forced to sell books, or medicines, or by some other difficult means secure a living; or if a widow of one of these faithful ones, she must toil over the wash-tub to clothe and feed her orphaned children.*

The Government pensions its old and disabled soldiers; cities, their faithful police force; while it remains for the Church of God to leave her old and poor to starve and die.

*The author can give numbers of such cases.

With these burning facts the Elder cried out to God, and He who said "I will guide thee with mine eye," led him to the gold fields and continued to guide him, until, as we have already seen, he discovered mines of immense value.

"A work for every man and a man for every work," is the Divine order. It did not appear to be the duty of Elder Love to develop and work these mines—that could be better done by some one else. God was guiding other parties that were to take up other parts of the great work of reform that was to be carried forward in this Nation. King Alcohol had been enthroned and was seeking to reweld the broken chain of Slavery (only in another form), and bind again the people of this free land in the most inhuman and atrocious of all slavery that ever existed.

Stealthily and yet surely this power had been extended until the coils of the "Still" wound around almost everything of value, and was clamoring for universal power. Mighty men and women were crowding to the front warning the people of their danger and organizing those that were to stand against this cruel and relentless foe.

Standing at the head and front of this invincible host were men in whose hands great wealth had accumulated. When they took their places in the fore

of the battle they consecrated this wealth to the cause of truth and righteousness. Being shrewd business men, they were seeking a place where they might invest money that would increase and grow against the time (soon to come) when the last grand charge should be made on the enemy's ranks and wipe out the accursed traffic forever.

In order that we may better comprehend how the dear Lord leads and guides His children and prepares them for the work He assigns them, let us look into a little room in the great city and see a company of His servants that had been drawn together from different parts of the country by business interests; and now they sit down for a time to discuss the one question of all others claiming their attention. They were devoted, earnest, Christian men—men of nerve, men of will and power. They were not of that class of Christians who were afraid to mix politics with religion for the very simple reason that they had a kind of politics and religion as well that took very kindly to each other—in other words, the religion of Jesus as developed in these men led them to labor for the uplifting of humanity, and they believed it to be the true spirit of Christianity to “undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free.”

To this end, so far as law could restrain, prohibit,

or help to remove temptation and strengthen poor, weak men in their struggles for a better life, they believed in law. Hence they were politicians. They were ready to lay hold of any and all agencies to the end that the world might be made better. They had none of that religious cant found in some very sincere souls that would separate themselves from the world lest they should be contaminated by its slime and corruption. They were in the world, but not of it; so they proposed to stand in their places and "quit them like men." They mingled in the marts of trade, went on the platform, in the forum, everywhere, to do what they could to counteract the low, selfish, worldly spirit and bring in an heavenly. Of their success we shall see as we pursue this story.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dedication.

WORK on the Home progressed satisfactorily and was now near completion. There only remained a few touches here and there, and the great house was ready. Needful supplies of every kind had been gathered. The barns were well supplied with horses and carriages, while a herd of choice Jerseys supplied the dairy.

As the day approached for the opening, every one seemed to feel the importance of the great occasion when the doors of the Home should swing open to receive the honored guests. Even the chapel with its steeple pointing upward (to the "house of many mansions," the golden streets, the river of life, and the innumerable company, with the songs of angels), seemed to speak of the good time coming, while the bells and the great organ were almost impatient to join in the music. The very air was sweet, as if laden with the perfumes of the land of eternal sunshine. A little stretch of imagination might have detected the

song of the same choir that sang to the shepherds on the plain, as they repeat:

“Glory to God in the highest!

On earth, peace, and good will to men.”

Had the eyes of the beholder been opened as were the eyes of the servant of Elisha, there might have been seen a great host eagerly watching for the coming of those old warriors who should occupy these rooms, listen to the music, and partake of the good things provided for them, for the time, and then mount up in “chariots of fire” to hear the “Well done!” pronounced upon them amid the shouts of those who by their faithful ministry had been led to the Cross.

Thanksgiving Day was set for the dedication. The press had told of the work as it progressed; shrewd railroad managers had taken account of it; special trains were arranged for all the surrounding country; while from far-off cities and towns a great number of earnest souls were making pilgrimage to the Home—not as curiosity-seekers, but having caught the spirit of holy living they longed to see its effects as manifested in this provision for the servants of the dear Lord.

The day was beautiful and lovely, the sun shone in the splendor of autumn as the chilling blasts had been held back, possibly for this special occasion.

Throngs of eager visitors came from far and near, anxious to see all that was to be seen, and hear all that was to be heard. Strong men, mighty men, godly men, were there to contribute their share to the services of this grand opening.

One of the "King's champions" had been selected to speak words of cheer and encouragement. Sweet singers gathered round the great organ and led in that grand old hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem

And crown Him Lord of all."

Never was this hymn sung more sweetly; never did audience realize the power of *His Name* more as the music swelled and rolled over the vast company and reverberated through the branches of tree and shrub on that mild November day.

The words of the speaker were as sweet incense, and broke forth in wondrous power and love until hearts were moved as never before to go out and do valiant work for God. Like "apples of gold in pictures of silver," they revealed a beauty and glory such as was never spoken by man on any worldly theme.

Near the close of this wonderful service the people were conscious of a strange spirit pervading the entire

company—a new-born desire to be in some way identified with the Home was in every heart. At last it found expression as a good brother arose with a face beaming with joy, while tears flowed freely from his eyes, and said that he had been so charmed with this practical way of Christian service, that from this day he would cease to be a robber of the Lord's treasury and give one-tenth of all his income to help build up the kingdom of Christ; and to make matters square to the present as best he could, he offered his check for ten thousand dollars to the Trustees of the Home. Others followed on this line until there were cash, checks and pledges for a vast sum laid at the Master's feet as a thankoffering, while shouts of joy came from many hearts.

Before the benediction, Elder Love came forward and said, "The Home does not need a dollar of this fund you have here consecrated to God; all its present needs are abundantly supplied; but there is much work to be done in honor of the Master and for His glory. I propose we celebrate this day in founding an Orphanage; and for this purpose I will provide the land on which to locate it, and add to this fund you have laid down here as much more to begin the work." And the people of that vast assembly arose and shouted, "Amen! so be it."

The Doxology was sung with joy and gladness upon every lip. The company dispersed with more exalted views of God and Heaven and the glory of Christian work than ever before.

CHAPTER IX.

Aunt Sally's Visit to the Home.

THE morning was beautiful and lovely as Aunt Sally took the train and sped on toward the city of S——. She had never been there; in fact, she had never been anywhere outside of the neighborhood in which she lived during all these years. She was a home keeper. Others might travel, learn, see and enjoy, but her work was to “stay by the stuff” and run the round of daily toil, washing, ironing, baking, and the thousand and one duties that fell to the lot of farmers’ wives in the West, from early morn until late at night, every day in the year.

Without knowing precisely what course to pursue on her arrival, it is not strange she should feel a little anxiety and fear lest she should make some mistake and thereby fail to enjoy this visit as she fondly hoped to do.

Sitting quietly in the car, she lifted her heart to God in prayer for guidance and help, for she had learned the precious lesson of committing everything to Him and “by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to make her request known unto God.” She

had scarcely traveled half-way when there came on board a plain, quiet man and took a seat just in front of her. He looked so kind that she ventured to ask him about the Home, and the best way to reach it. He bade her give herself no concern and he would have her taken to the Home in his own carriage, which would be in waiting at the depot. To this she gladly assented, realizing it was the answer to her prayer from the dear Lord, who so lovingly cares for His children.

It was near the dinner hour when they reached the city. Aunt Sally entered the carriage with her new acquaintance and was driven rapidly away toward the Home. Imagine her astonishment when she found this new friend was none other than Elder Love. He gave her a pressing invitation to be his guest while she remained in the city, which was thankfully accepted.

When Aunt Sally reached the Home, and passed through it, and with her own eyes beheld the completed and complete arrangements for the comfort and happiness of the old saints, she involuntarily declared "the half has never yet been told." Everything was so well adapted to the purpose; there was beauty without display, abundance without extravagance, rest without care. She went and saw and wondered, until her old heart began to feel young again. She prepared to return with new hope and joy in her heart.

Father Hopeful had recognized her, and she had performed her mission with him, which greatly increased her interest and satisfaction.

When she reached home again she appeared as one filled with new life; for she had attended the service at the chapel, and there, as she bowed before God in holy consecration, she realized that the live coal from off the altar had touched her lips; she had learned the "truth," "and the truth had made her free."

The old-fashioned church had not entirely forgotten the weekly class-meeting, and to this Aunt Sally wended her way on Sabbath morning, filled with love and praise to God for all the wonderful things He had revealed unto her. Uncle John was there, Brother Shrewd was there, and a few faithful sisters. The old bell rang out its sweetest notes. Brother Shrewd opened the meeting in his formal way—prayed that God would forgive their backslidings; confessed that he had sinned in thought, word and deed; asked the brethren to pray that he might hold out faithful and finally be saved in heaven. Poor man, he never once thought that he might be saved in this world. When he arose from his knees he began to sing,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

Thus the meeting opened. When the time came for Aunt Sally to speak she arose and with trembling voice began to recount her former life of fear, her struggles against sin, her sorrows, cares, burdens, and her deep longings for a better experience. While she spoke her face began to light up with a strange beauty, and holy joy filled her heart as she related all she had seen and heard at the Home—how sweet and heavenly the atmosphere, and how fitting it was to take some of the dear Lord's money and build a monument to His glory in this practical way; and how the Master was setting His seal on the work by moving His children who went and saw to go home and work for God and humanity; and, lastly, she told how she had bowed at the chapel altar and, surrendering all to God, His love had filled her heart to overflowing, and henceforth her life should be devoted to His cause.

While she talked, deep conviction fell on all; others might be erratic and impulsive, but Aunt Sally, NEVER. Uncle John wept, Brother Shrewd looked downcast and dejected, and the meeting closed.

At night the pastor preached with great freedom from the words, "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and ye shall be clean." Divine power rested on the great assembly. The congregation was invited to the altar. Many came and consecrated their lives hence-

forth to God, and great peace filled their hearts as one after another related their experience.

While thus engaged there was a sudden commotion in the back part of the house.

CHAPTER X.

Commissariat.

“**B**EHOLD, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.”

“Friends” said General Earnest, “I have been very fortunate in my business lately, and I have a mind to go to the mountains and buy some mining property and turn the whole thing over to the Prohibition cause.”

“Indeed,” said Brother Hill, “that would be a magnificent scheme. We shall need all the money we can get to educate the people to a point where they will arise in their might and put away the liquor traffic. I am not sure but I would join you, if something real good could be found.”

“What is that?” inquired Father Prosper, as he leaned forward very much interested in the conversation.

Brother Hill repeated what had been said, and the old man remarked that the plan was certainly worth considering, “for,” said he, “we shall require a very large sum before this thing is done, and I don’t know where the money is to come from unless the men who control money devise some way to raise it. We must

have more and larger papers, daily papers, books and tracts by the million. We need speakers who will go into every town and village, hamlet and school district, and stir up the people and make them think. The trouble is the people don't think. 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' Tell us what you think of this, Colonel James."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I have thought a great deal about this very thing, and don't see much real good in the way we are working. At any rate, much more could be done, and ought to be done, than we are doing. Our speakers, as a rule, only go where there is a strong sentiment already developed, doubtless for the very good reason that only at such places are they paid for their services. Our papers are only read by men already convinced; hence we fail in a large degree. We ought to put a strong force of speakers in the field—men and women of strength and power, and send them everywhere; furnish them with money to pay their expenses, hire halls, advertise, and hold free meetings; make everything attractive with singing, music, and banners, and thus compel men to listen to the truth. Then we need a press equal if not superior to any in the country—one that would command the respect of all thinking people, give the news of the day, and at the same time teach Prohibition doctrine pure and simple.

Then men will read and think; and when conscientious men come to know the truth they will not be long in deciding against the saloon."

"What can we do to bring this about?" asked Brother Prompt.

"Listen to me," said Major Active, who had been quietly listening to this conversation. "'Words are cheap.' It looks to me sometimes downright mean in us who have so much to be so stingy and parsimonious with it. General Earnest has ten millions if he has a cent; and Father Prosper nearly as much more; while this little group—all loyal Prohibitionists—is worth at least fifty millions. Now, what can we do with it all? It is only a burden and care. We shall soon die and leave it all. Better that we leave our children without a dollar in a land free from the curse of rum, than to leave them all this wealth with things as they are to-day, and growing worse all the time.

"During my trip to the mountains I fell in with a man that strangely impressed me. He was thoughtful, closely observing everything, said but little, and seemed intent on some *special* mission. Becoming better acquainted with him, I found him to be a deeply devoted Christian, a live Prohibitionist, and happy in his work. He was possessed with the idea that he had some very valuable mines. In fact, he told me con-

fidentially that he expected they would prove the richest ever discovered on this continent.

"I talked with him several times; always found him hopeful, while almost everybody laughed at him, saying that there had never been a dollar's worth of ore taken out of the hills that he was working in.

"It was an old abandoned ranch that for lack of water and grass had been purchased for almost nothing, embracing several hundred acres.

"Now I believe in this man, and I cannot help thinking that an All-wise Providence has been guiding him for a purpose. Indeed, if you will agree not to laugh at me, I will tell you a dream I had last night. I was in these same hills and met this same man. He showed me such a mass of ore as I had never seen before in all my search among the mines. The people were wild over it; but the laugh was on the other side now, for, as I told you, he held a warrantee deed to the land and no one could get claims.

"Suppose we go out there and look this man up. We need not tell any one about it, and if he has anything real good perhaps we can buy it and consecrate it to the Prohibition cause."

Major Active was listened to with profound interest, while the relation of his dream provoked a smile, especially as it appeared so real to him.

"Evening News!" "Five o'clock!" "All about the discovery of the new gold mines!" "Evening News!" rang out in the hall.

"Here," said Major Active. Taking the paper he began to read—

"Great excitement!

"New discoveries of gold!"

"Millions in sight!"

"This morning as Elder Love with his men was working on the old ranch property the Elder bought a few months ago, they uncovered a body of ore that for richness exceeds anything ever seen by miners in this region. Great excitement prevails. As the Elder owns the land no claims can be taken."

"LATER.—Elder Love's men have just broke through into an old cave that appears to be almost a solid mass of gold."

"That's the man," said Major Active; "now let's be off."

To this they all assented.

The next morning found them on a through train going with all possible speed in search of the "wonderful gold fields." The news spread everywhere, and more than one party hastened to go and see and purchase. However, our party was ahead, and as they journeyed they formed their plans, and it was agreed, if they found them as reported, they would purchase

the property if they could and devote the entire proceeds to the work in which we have seen they had such a deep interest.

After several days of travel they arrived at a little unpretentious station nestling at the foot of a long range of rugged hills and mountains, and their journey was ended. Only a few days before, there was nothing at or around this little common-place station save the ordinary humdrum of a poor deserted mining camp, and the coming and going of the regular trains as they sped around the curves and over the barren wastes to places of importance in this great busy world. Now, all has changed—how changed! Excitement, bustle, pushing, rushing here and there as if life and everything of value depended on the efforts of these excited men in the next few days or hours.

Poor, weak human nature will stand and wait—yea, sleep—while the “riches of His glory” is offered them without money and without price, in perfect unconcern, but when there is a chance to secure a little of the “gold that perisheth” they arouse and rush with untold eagerness and are ready to barter everything for it.

Our party with much difficulty secured accommodations at the rude hotel, and after an early dinner followed the surging crowd to the hills to see the “wonderful mines.” Elder Love was found as calm

and self-possessed as when seen by Major Active only a few weeks before. The visible change in his prospects in nowise changed his manner—his step was that of confidence in the guidance of the Unseen Hand.

The Major introduced each member of the party; they explored and examined the mines; heard from every quarter offers of fabulous sums for the property, and saw the Elder reject and turn from them all with as little concern as the average boy would reject an offer to "swap jackknives."

When our party had an opportunity for a private talk with the Elder, they frankly told him their object, plans and purposes, and he named a sum much lower than had been offered and refused, he to retain an interest after all expenses of purchase and development had been realized from the proceeds. This proposition was promptly and joyously accepted. Thus was closed the contract that gave the Elder the money to carry forward his long-cherished plans and set in motion forces that were to move the world and reverberate throughout the ages of eternity.

CHAPTER XI.

Men for the Times.

“**A**ND unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to each according to his several ability.”

A man for every work, and a work for every man, is the great law set to govern the universe. We must learn that the highest success in every department of life can only be attained by closely observing this law. Strict obedience brings real success whenever and wherever applied. Ignoring this law creates confusion, discord, and failure. John the Baptist was simply a voice crying in the wilderness, “The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!” and urging repentance as a preparatory step for the next, or the inauguration of the King who was to establish the “Kingdom.” One sows, another reaps. Each workman has his part to do—each important in his place; and when the Master builder brings the gold and silver, the iron and brass, and wood, and stone, each being carefully prepared, the “mighty temple” goes up, “a thing of beauty and a joy forever.”

So in the Kingdom of the dear Lord here, and there, and everywhere, the Master has His workmen carving, moulding, fashioning, in public and in private. A mighty workman here; there an obscure one, little and unknown, doing his or her work faithfully, not dreaming that they may be polishing a diamond or burnishing a ruby that will glow and sparkle in the great Temple, when the things of this world have passed away.

Human nature ever inclines to magnify its own work, and minify the work of others. The man who prepares the great beam, or the massive stone, upon which the pillars may rest, is very likely to ignore the one who fashions the ingenious bolt or nail that binds all together.

The builders of the Tower of Babel could as easily understand each other as men do to-day in the great work of life. Men whom God has chosen as forerunners and leaders to work out the great problems of life have always been misunderstood. The capitalists we have referred to in a previous chapter were men as little understood by the masses as any other men in the country. They were strong, energetic, far-seeing men, who had given almost their entire lives to the accumulation of wealth; prosperity marked every step as they pressed on in their race for gold. If they bought land,

invested in grain, bonds or stocks, there was sure to be an advance in price. Day by day their capital increased until it became a question what to do with these vast accumulations. They were honest and upright in their dealings. They took only what seemed to come to them in a natural, legitimate way. In the Church and all benevolent enterprises they were liberal. And yet withal they were regarded by many as avaricious, miserly, and by some *mean* and *stingy*. They were not understood. In fact, it is doubtful if they understood themselves. As they entered the race of life they took their places in the ranks and went forward, grappling with such things as came to their lot. Had you asked them *Why all this struggle?* they could not have told you any more than the cedars of Lebanon Solomon used in the Temple could have told why they grew so straight and tall.

The same God that controlled in David's heart while he gathered gold, and silver, and brass, and iron, and wood, and stone, had been guiding these men for a purpose. That was their work; and now as they saw the necessity for money to push on the Great Temperance Reform that was to be the cap-stone on the earthly Temple from which the redeemed hosts should step through the gates into the City, they found their place and were prepared by long years of drill and

discipline to fill it to the glory of God and the good of humanity.

They found Elder Love, the discoverer of the mines, with neither ability nor inclination to develop them. That was not his work. Other fields claimed his attention. So the idle money controlled by these men was passed over into the hands of the Elder and they took up the line of work committed to them. A new spirit and purpose now filled their hearts. Before, they pursued business because they were business men, and as such they found themselves moving forward by the power of habit and circumstance, with nothing before them but to move on until their feet touched the dark river. Now, a great light came streaming down as though it came from the Throne, illuminating their understandings and nerving their arms to act well their part in the mighty struggle between the Rum Power and the Hosts of God. Their plans being well laid, they pushed their work with so much energy and skill that in a few short months gold and silver began to flow into the treasuries of the various Temperance organizations, by which presses were put to work and speakers were sent into the field, until from one end of the land to the other "the battle was on." The great columbiads were placed in position and began to pour forth their weight of metal against the enemy entrenched

in legislative halls and on the statute books. Shot and shell fell thick and fast everywhere. The country was deluged with arguments and reasons why the accursed thing should be put away.

Amid the din and roar of battle these heroes of the commissariat quietly worked and regularly furnished the sinews of war.

CHAPTER XII.

Conversion of Bob.

WHILE Aunt Sally stood before the people again to relate her wonderful experience, her face beaming with holy light, deep conviction rested down on the great congregation, and by the mysterious power of Divine grace an arrow, keen and piercing, found its way to Bob's heart, and he began to cry in the bitterness of his soul, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Now, Bob had been consecrated to God in holy baptism by his father and mother. When only a few months old, Father Hopeful had pronounced the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." At ten years of age he gave his child-heart to God and rejoiced in the love of Jesus. Uniting with the church, he started in the Christian race with a zeal far beyond his years. Some said he would make a preacher. He did exhort his companions, led children's prayer-meetings, and was faithful in all the duties resting upon him, and was happy as one after another of his companions entered into like experience.

The older members shook their heads and were heard to say oftentimes, after listening to glowing testimonies from these children, that "days of darkness would come." They were told—if not directly, at least indirectly—that they were sure to backslide, grow cold and indifferent. In fact, this kind of teaching was so common that this little band of young soldiers were led to believe that it was a part of the economy of Divine grace to get cold, backslide and sin, if for no other reason than to "keep them humble." Thus indirectly teaching that we must be sick to appreciate health; we must sin to magnify grace.

These teachers were wont to close their meetings by singing

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love"—

had they continued on and sang the verse through in earnest, trusting faith in Jesus,—

"Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it—
Seal it for Thy courts above,"

and meant it from their inmost souls, they would have come out into a broad place where they would have learned a better lesson. With this kind of teaching, and the daily example of the teachers as they grew more and more formal and worldly-minded, it was

not strange that these young hearts should become discouraged and finally lose the grace out of their hearts.

Bob was the leader as they pressed onward up the shining way, and when the tide turned he led the way downward as well. A born leader as he was, with great energy, he could do nothing by halves. He ran riot in such innocent amusements first, at festivals, as "Grab bags," kissing parties, parlor dances, progressive euchre, and finally horse-racing under the new name of "trials of speed." Under such circumstances the thing to have been done by the pastor, deacons and elders was to go out after the lost ones and imitate the Master when he left the "Ninety and nine," and bring them back to the fold again. But they did not. They simply met in council, deplored the waywardness of youth, talked of the disgrace brought on the Church, wore long faces, groaned in spirit, and looked for all the world like they had lost the best horse they had, as they decided that the honor of the Church demanded that these names be stricken from the roll,—which the Pastor proceeded to do with as much indifference as he would have cut the head off of some venomous reptile, and then hurried to the train to go to a distant town to lecture, on "How to save the boys," at fifty dollars a night.

Restraints all taken off, the Devil gnashed his teeth and said, "Persecute and take him; there is none to deliver;" and all his imps shouted, "Aha! aha! we told you so!"

These things, however, were soon forgotten, for a great political campaign opened and each of the dominant parties proceeded to organize young men's clubs. Whatever might have been Bob's delinquencies in the church, he was looked upon as an important factor in the campaign.

Bob's father was one of the men who stood up boldly for the Union during the fearful struggle between the sections. True, he did not go to the front—that privilege belonged to the "poor man;" he had too much business on hand; besides, it was necessary for some to stay at home, and of course he stayed and "raised grain and stock to feed the armies," he said; but some were wicked enough to think he had less interest in feeding the armies of the Union than he had in securing another section of land and a goodly amount of Government bonds. Be that as it may, the amount of money he spent in the four years of bloody war in feeding the soldiers' families, and for the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, was not large enough to create any great stir in the neighborhood in which he lived. But when the last gun was fired, the cruel war was

over, and peace reigned over the land, he had plenty of money to loan and land to rent to the poor, maimed soldier boys, provided they would accept his terms allowing him the lion's share. He might have been excused, however, for he was of such a temperament that he was slow in making up his mind, and never fully comprehended the situation until all was over; then he rushed to the front and began to wave "the bloody shirt" and talk as if he owned the whole United States and had to pay all the taxes that was paid out in pensions to the brave men who periled their lives for the Union.

Bob was to be a voter at the next election; so he was made the leader of the club that represented the party who declared that "The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people," and extended cordial sympathy "with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of temperance and morality."

At the organization of the club the good pastor who had so ruthlessly stricken Bob's name from the Church roll, was elected chaplain. Earnest, enthusiastic, he seemed to forget all of Bob's escapades in his zeal for "the party that saved the country." Much as Bob's father had grumbled about church expenses, he now poured out money like water (saying, "We must protect

the sheep"), and sent the club here and there to influence voters.

We have said that Bob did nothing by halves. So, while he took his club over the country, he found the open door to the saloon, made respectable by law and "High license," and soon formed the habit for drink that led him rapidly downward, until, when the campaign was over, he was a low-down drunkard. The good pastor drew his clerical robes around him, and like the "Priest and Levite" "passed by on the other side."

Bob's father raved as he realized how many dollars of his savings was nightly squandered in the saloon with boon companions. His good old mother wept and prayed that the Almighty arm would some way be stretched out to save her precious boy. A mother may forget her child, but she was not that one. Through all the days of revelry and dissipation, she had leaned on the Strong for strength, and poured her piteous prayer into the ears of Him who "neither slumbers nor sleeps."

Could you have seen her as she pressed her way to the little group that surrounded Bob as he prayed for mercy and forgiveness, you would scarcely have recognized the care-worn mother who only an hour before entered the church with her crushed and bleeding heart. Now she stands as one transfixed; with one

hand she clasps his and with the other, seemingly, she lays hold of the ladder Jacob saw, upon which the angels were ascending and descending, carrying upward the cry of the penitent, and downward were descending messages of love, joy, peace and salvation. Had you listened you might have heard the angelic choir as they strike anew their harps of gold over "one sinner that repenteth."

Bob did not wait long at the mercy seat, as his broken and contrite heart yielded to the will of the Divine Master; for the Spirit whispered, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven." As faith grasped the precious truth he arose and began to sing,

"Streaming mercy, how it flows;

Now I know I feel it.

Half has never yet been told;

Yet I want to tell it."

He did try, but language failed, as it always has and always will in this tabernacle of flesh; but he did tell how his young heart was moved, when first converted, to dedicate his life to the ministry, and how the worldliness and indifference which he saw had misled him; how his heart had longed for sympathy and help from the minister and Fathers in Israel, and how he was finally led to doubt if there was such a thing as religion; how he tried to be an infidel, and had drank

to drown his convictions; and, lastly, how Aunt Sally's experience had sent convictions new and fresh to his heart, and hope that he yet might be able to take up the life-work to which he was called, to go forth as a defender of the truth in the great Temperance Reform, declaring his intention to "tarry at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high."

CHAPTER XIII.

Woman's Age as Represented by the W. C. T. U.

“GO through, go through the gates; lift up a standard for the people.”

It was left for the motherhood of this Nation to discover the futility of the effort to heal the hearts and purify the stream by “moral suasion,” while the body politic was continually encouraging and helping the Rum power. With the keen insight peculiar to their sex they saw at once the fallacy of any effort to dry up this stream of death so long as men were authorized and protected by law to continue their deadly work. They never stopped to inquire how this or that party might be affected, or how business would be curtailed. They saw their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons as they were caught in this great maelstrom of hell and swept away forever, while the men who made and administered law cringed and cowered before the foe. Men who were brave and fearless on the battle-field quailed when the “party lash” was applied.

The world moved, and day by day as the battle went on new lessons were learned, and from the seemingly

feeble efforts of consecrated motherhood at the Crusade there sprang into the arena a great army of giantesses declaring in the name of the "Great King" that the demon drink must and should be destroyed. So quickly and so powerfully did this new army come into existence that the foe looked on in amazement and with fear as these godly women came from their home altars with faces radiant with holy light. Timid though they were, unused to the manual of arms, they took their places at the front—or rather made for themselves a place. Having been trained in the school of suffering and strengthened in secret audience with God, they stood before the world a mighty force declaring "For God and Home and Native Land," infusing hope into the men of God everywhere.

God had surely thrust out this organization, and for this very purpose. They planned and toiled and prayed, never faltering or doubting that in some way God would deliver the enemy into their hands. They saw through the mist and gloom, light and joy and hope. To see this and open the way for sorrowing, crushed humanity they "endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

To carry forward this work God raised up leaders strong and fearless, women wise and true—leaders who were able to meet the foe; leaders who had

intellect, culture and piety; who commanded respect and attention from the entire Christian world.

To describe them would be impossible in their peerless position. They scorned the old beaten paths of policy and compromise, but with the precision of a rifle-ball they drove straight at the mark, and demanded to know the right rulers and legislators had to harbor, legalize, and protect a system that was undermining the Home, the Church—yea, the Government itself.

Standing behind and around these devoted women were men who dared to brave the hate and scorn of intriguing politicians and a time-serving and subsidized press—men of might and power who hailed the inauguration of the Woman's Age with great joy, and faith that the time was soon to come when the Nation would issue a new Emancipation Proclamation and set the mothers, wives and daughters of America free.

The formation of a new political party was credited to a few disappointed, ambitious men with lust for office and power, and against them was hurled the anathemas of hate, scorn and derision by many who were as "good temperance men as you are—but"—which always revealed sympathy for the Rum power, or somebody or something connected with it.

The human heart never has or never will under-

stand the secret motives and promptings of those who have been made new in Christ Jesus. These women had a single thought that permeated their entire being and marked every step of their way—namely, the utter destruction of the Rum power, and their line of march was indicated by their motto—"For God and Home and Native Land."

How beautifully the words apply—"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

They marched under this banner and unconsciously became the party of Truth and Righteousness, Temperance and Morality. They did not seek it, perhaps did not desire it, possibly did not know it—they were so engrossed in their work and pressing forward with a single eye, while the Master said, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye might bear much fruit and that your fruit should remain." They had been ordained by Omnipotent power when they gave themselves up to do this work, anointed with "holy oil," and baptized amid the fires of the Crusade. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." Here was honor conferred by the God of Heaven for loving, faithful service—the honor of inaugurating the grandest movement the world ever saw.

Armies have been marshaled, battles have been fought, and thousands have died to establish a principle or found an empire with metes and bounds, but this movement was to reach out to every man and woman, boy and girl of the race, and with one hand clasping the Divine, the other lifting out of the mire and clay of sin the entire human family, and lifting them to God and Home and Heaven.

Now that this organization had spread over the Nation and had begun to girdle the earth, money, consecrated money was greatly needed, and it came from the new mines by hundreds—yea, thousands. This was the Lord's work and the Lord's money, and it was fitting that it should flow out in abundance in time of need.

Hitherto the leaders had been hampered and restricted for want of means; many neglected fields needed cultivation; the weak points must be made strong and new lines established. They who planned and prayed could now "lengthen her cords" and "strengthen her stakes." The "fields were white to the harvest," and there was no lack of devoted workers saying "Here am I, send me."

The pouring into the treasury so much money from the mines, like a powerful magnet drew from other sources until it looked as though the people would

have to be told to stop. The great Temple in Chicago went up, and from it there poured out a living stream of truth and power spreading its hallowed, saving influence everywhere.

Thus the great hosts, of consecrated men and women crowned the Woman's Age.

CHAPTER XIV.

Gossip.

AFFAIRS at the Home did not always move on in the most satisfactory manner. Human nature has its weak side, and is strongly inclined to lean toward the weakness. The best specimens of humanity are liable to make serious mistakes in such cases. Nothing is easier than criticism and fault-finding, thereby increasing the difficulties that lie in the way of adjustment.

In the management of the Home some things did not work as expected, and some whose duty it was to supervise failed to exercise the wisdom and discretion necessary to work. The Elder never contemplated giving his personal attention to the Home, for the very good reason that so many other things claimed his time and service.

The Trustees finally succeeded in securing a thorough, competent superintendent, and wise, systematic organization was effected. Everything was done that could be done so far as laying the foundations for the great work was concerned ; still there was much to

learn, and many lessons were only learned slowly, and by experience.

While this was going on there was no lack of persons who stood off and prophesied evil, impugned the motives of the founders and managers, and were very zealous in their efforts to bring the institution into contempt.

Why this was so is one of the mysteries hard to account for, especially as such opposition often came from those who professed to be the servants of the dear Lord. It may be they themselves were deceived in regard to their spiritual life, or it may have been jealousy because others did more than they were able or willing to do ; or possibly the Devil may have deceived them by his many devices. Be that as it may, much evil has come to the Church in all ages from those who profess to be its true friends.

The old saints at the Home were enjoying the rest and quiet they found there, and were looking forward to a peaceful ending of their lives of toil, when there came suddenly as the explosion of a bomb in the camp a dark insinuation—"That possibly it would be well for the Trustees of the Home to look up the records and see how many mortgages could be found on the property"—just an insinuation that appeared in a religious journal and read as follows:

"SUPERANNUATES' HOME.

"Elder Love seems to be enjoying quite a run of popularity of late on account of his gift of the Home for such a noble purpose. It might be well for us not to let our hopes rise too high at present, for it has been hinted that there is quite a large number of mortgages on the property, that if closed soon would be very likely to let his *air castle* fall to the ground. 'Of course we don't believe it.'"

A few days later another highly respectable journal came out with the same notice under the words,

"We are grieved and astonished to learn that the Superannuates' Home recently dedicated with so much *eclat* is hopelessly covered with mortgages, and unless the friends of the old ministers rally to the support of the institution it will soon be a thing of the past, save a disgraceful mark of a depraved, ambitious man."

"Just as we expected," was the heading of another article in another journal.

"The Superannuates' Home soon to be sold under mortgage and the old preachers turned out to shift for themselves. We always said that when a man professed to *live without sin* 'you had better lock your barn door.'"

These are only samples of articles found in the papers that came pouring in through the mails one gloomy, stormy week.

The effect was as might be expected. The help was

demoralized; the old saints gathered in groups to discuss the situation. *Was it true* that all their fond hopes were to be dashed to the ground! *Who knew anything about it?* Telegrams and letters came pouring in, asking information. To make matters still worse, the Elder had been called from home, and on account of a severe storm was detained in a little village, his whereabouts unknown even to his family. Added to this, the Associated Press Dispatch Agent sent a dispatch marked *Special*:

"Great excitement. The utter collapse of the Home for Old Ministers. The founder, Elder Love, ran away after mortgaging the entire property. His whereabouts unknown. Lynching threatened if he should be found. Detectives searching for him in Canada."

It would seem strange that, under such distressing circumstances, no one ever thought to examine the records to learn about the alleged mortgages, or went to the banks to find if the deposits and securities were all safe. But they did not, and the story ran riot and grew with each succeeding day until some of the dear old saints were almost frantic. Men and women who had learned many lessons of trust and had never failed to look to Him for help and support, were now panic-stricken and helpless. The daily meeting at the chapel had been neglected, while gloom and despond-

ency settled down everywhere, as the story was repeated over and over again.

Father Hopeful had been away on a visit to a dear friend who was sick, during all this excitement. On returning they pressed around him and retold the story. Waving his hand for them to be quiet he began to sing in a sweet though tremulous voice,

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
With blessings on your head.”

Before the verse was finished others joined in, and they sang until the clouds broke away. Father Hopeful began to speak, bidding them banish all their fears.

Now, Father Hopeful had been the bosom friend of Elder Love, had known him from childhood—in fact, had taken him into the Church. He knew all about the securities and how the money was invested. Then, indeed, was a day of rejoicing. The Elder returned the same evening, and the men who had been used by the Devil to cause so much sorrow made haste to say “they never believed a word of it.”

CHAPTER XV.

Revival Following Bob's Conversion.

“**W**HO are these that fly as doves to their windows?”

The conversion of Bob and the stand he had taken fell on the community like a thunder-clap on a clear day. He had been the leader in all the wild, reckless, drunken debauchery, and now he kept his place in the front and led his associates, one by one, to the Cross, where they found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

A revival broke out such as had never before been witnessed in that church. The old men confessed their backslidings and came rushing to the “fountain of cleansing” until there was scarcely a home in all the surrounding country that was not filled with prayer and praise. The religion of Jesus was the theme of conversation. “The rich and poor met together, for God was the Maker of them all.” The old evangelist was on the ground to guide, teach and help every one to a better life. The vast accumulations of wealth

were consecrated to the service of Almighty God. Aunt Sally renewed her youth, and from the care-worn, discouraged woman she was only a short time before, she now stood up in the loveliness and beauty of consecrated womanhood, beautifully illustrating God's promise, "I will beautify the meek with salvation." Her sons all came into the fold and her home was filled with songs of praise.

Uncle John, plain, practical and undemonstrative as he was, would get off his horse on meeting a friend, and together they would kneel and pray in the corners of the fence before talking business. The village was all astir as, night after night, the church was crowded with earnest men and women seeking God. "My God, where shall we go?" was the exclamation of one poor wanderer to another as they found themselves alone one evening while almost the entire village was at church.

To tell the hallowed influence of this meeting must be reserved for the Recording Angel that doubtless hovered over the scene as the tide of love and joy swept through the hearts of men and women whose feet had touched the Rock of Ages. This was not a spasmodic effort or a burst of rapturous enthusiasm that was to flash and go out in darkness again, but it was the kindling of a fire that was to burn and glow

day and night forever. Such was their love and light that they soon began to put forces in motion that were to carry the truth and spread it everywhere.*

O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

* By some strange providence the two saloons in the village took fire and burned up, and for more than twenty years there has never been another set up.

CHAPTER XVI.

Plan of Endowment.

ELDER LOVE had not been idle during the year occupied in building the Home. Being unwilling that means for its maintenance should depend on uncertain and difficult plans so often employed, he decided to invest a sufficient sum in farm lands to furnish a regular income for all time to come. Accordingly one hundred thousand acres were purchased in Illinois and turned over to the Trustees as an endowment.

These lands were divided and sub-divided into two thousand homes. These homes were leased, under certain conditions and limitations, to poor men—Christian men—on a perpetual lease at a rental equal to three per cent. on the investment, giving to the Home an annual income sufficient for all its needs, and furnishing homes for two thousand families at the least possible cost.

Thus the problem was solved for the support of the Home, and a grand object-lesson taught how Christian men who control money or lands could safely furnish homes for every Christian family in this land who are

homeless, and lift them up to a higher appreciation of life, its duties and responsibilities. No panics, dishonest treasurers, fluctuation in prices of stocks, or any kind of speculation could deprive the Home of its regular income; while they who occupied the lands were free to improve them in any way, being practically the owners.

This plan was a new one, but from the first God set His seal upon it, and the "grounds brought forth some sixty and some an hundred fold." No crops were ever lost for want of care; no one quarreled with his neighbor; for the principle of co-operation and arbitration was made a condition of occupancy, and the people were so in love with it that peace, plenty and good-will prevailed.

The Bible teaches that when the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, they suffered in the loss of temporal things as well as incurring His anger. It also teaches that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Strange—is it not?—we find it easier to believe that God will prepare a home for us in heaven than it is to believe He will help us to secure and maintain one here on earth; and yet our Heavenly Father "knoweth we have need of these things."

If we sought a home on Christian principles, and were willing to accept and enjoy one on these principles, we would have much less difficulty and a stronger faith. So long, however, as men want all the "land that joins them," and begin to plan for farms for the boys before they have learned their A B C's, so long will the strong, greedy, avaricious man control more land than is half cultivated, and the poor will be homeless, and toil for their daily bread under difficult and distressing circumstances; civilization will be checked, the Church hampered, and vice and sin will stalk abroad in the land.

Job's experience seemed to be realized in many ways by the occupants of the Home lands. The Almighty hedged them around so the Devil could not get at them. If two men or women disagreed, their friends and neighbors were called in and the matter was settled; if sickness came and some were unable to work, others helped them. Each vied with the other in the true spirit of emulation to secure the best results from all their labors.

These people learned the precious lesson, "Whether ye eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." So they plowed for God, they sowed for God, they planted for God; every foot of land, every horse, cow, pig, or chicken, was recognized

as belonging to Him. They were His stewards, and as such they delighted in giving the best possible attention to the animals, the best cultivation to the crops, securing the best varieties of grain, fruits, and vegetables. No weeds grew in the fields or fence corners; no time was idled away. They were the servants of a King, and the King was wont to "walk in His garden." His eye was on all His work.

You ask, no doubt, Did these people never make mistakes? Bless you, yes. They were human, like other folks. They had their sorrows, discords, misunderstandings, pains and aches, as everybody else; but they learned to put their hands in the great loving hand of God. Had He not said, "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." Trusting in Him, He never failed to lead them out of all their difficulties.

Had you been there and gone through these plain yet lovely homes and become acquainted with the dwellers, you would have been charmed with the sweetness of their spirit, the trustfulness of their nature, and the consciousness of the good that had come to them simply by following the Bible rule of life. Every man was content; every man was free; no one sought advantage of his neighbor. The influence of these homes and these men was great, like the leaven hid in the meal; it ran through society, elevating and making it

better every day. Values increased; other farms were divided, until the whole surrounding country caught the true spirit of home-building, where strife and envy were at a discount, and culture, refinement, education, Christian love and Christian living was the one thing desired.

We have written this as a general description of the effect of this new order of things, but we cannot pass this part of our story without referring to some specific things of very great importance.

The question naturally arises, Why were such blessed results attained under this plan? Have not the poor been under the influence of the Gospel before? and have they not been Christians before? and, have they not failed to make such progress all along the line? Yes and No will be the answer to all these questions. True, they have had the Gospel in the letter, with here and there noble examples of Christian love to encourage; but it has been only half a Gospel. Therefore they have not had the Gospel. The Lord Jesus gave his first attention when on earth to the temporal and physical wants of men; and when he had fed them and healed them, he taught them how to love and trust him, and gave them His spirit, with the command "go ye and do likewise." The true Gospel of Jesus Christ always has and always will seek out the poor and weak and

helpless, and clothe and feed and encourage them until they can stand on their feet and take their places in the great army to fight against sin. The world has been cursed long enough by pleading in the winter revival for sinners to seek God and be saved while no hand is stretched out to relieve the necessities that surround the men who are sick and poor or out of work.

There was a time in the history of Elijah when, discouraged, hunted and persecuted, he fled to the wilderness and laid him down to sleep, praying that he might die. Now the Church of to-day might have branded him as a shiftless tramp, and denounced him from the pulpit as one of "the masses" that could not be reached. Not so with the angel who came and gently and lovingly touched him and said unto him, "Arise and eat!" "and behold there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head; and he did eat and drink." But the strain had been too great, and Elijah laid down again.

I fancy I see some good old well-fed deacon as he passes along gazing with contempt at him, and as he talks to himself he declares that "this thing ought not to be allowed, that man ought to be made to work." But the angel lovingly comes again and says, "Arise and eat, the journey is too great for thee;" and he arose and did eat and went forth in the strength of that

meat forty days. You might have said, "That fellow is not worth saving," but God knew all about it; and when Elijah had filled up his life to the full God loved him so well that he sent a chariot and took him home bodily.

The men I have been describing had been helped in the same way by the "angel of the covenant of peace" and good will to men, and they developed as much judgment, faithfulness, and honor as many of the "first families" have done; besides, they felt the energizing power of love as manifested in the trust imposed, and proved themselves worthy of this trust. Practical godliness for once had a chance to glow and shine, and it did glow and shine until it lit up many darkened homes. And more, the children of these men and women were carefully trained for useful lives. They were systematically taught in the intellectual, physical and moral so thoroughly, that when the time came for each to take their places in the ranks of men and women and take up the thread of life and do their part in weaving the fabric of society and government on high moral principles, they were ready.

These communities could furnish men qualified for any important place of profit, honor, or trust. From them went forth no helpless one to sink in the "slough of despond," and become dependent on the energy and

industry of the people. They were not another race of people—oh, no; but their fathers and mothers were Christian men and women, their homes were Christian homes; their training began in the cradle and was carefully continued day after day and year after year. They did not believe in sowing “wild oats” for a few years and spending a lifetime reaping the crop. They taught their children that no kind of honest labor was degrading. They believed that there was more honor in being a first-class bootblack than a second or third rate president.

This kind of work engaged the hands and hearts of these godly people in place of plans and schemes to get more land or other doubtful speculations. They had time for this work and right royally did they pursue it. The income to support the Home came regularly into the treasury. Men had homes who could never have purchased them, at a cheaper rate than they could have owned them, even had they possessed the capital.

While a salvation for the bodies of men was preached to an astonished, listening world, “the masses” had been reached and the true Church had “lengthened her cords and strengthened her stakes.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Relations Disgraced.

THERE were two classes of people greatly troubled by the actions of Elder Love. One was afraid he would waste all his money, they said; the other grieved to see him and his family live so plainly and he so rich.

Had a stranger met the Elder and talked with him on any of the great questions of the day, he would no doubt have been impressed that the Elder was a man of strong intellect, great force of character, and, withal, a shrewd business man. Not so, however, with some of the first class mentioned. They could not understand how a man could or would devote a large sum of money to bless humanity except he was crazy. They believed in doing good and all that, but for a man to give away money before death broke his grip on it was a sure sign of weakness in the upper story.

This spirit seemed especially to prevail among a large lot of "forty-second cousins" and other distant relatives. Of course they never thought of wanting him to give them anything—indeed, they declared they

would not accept it; but it was so humiliatin' to have one of their relations "scatterin'" money as though he owned the earth, and that to feed and clothe a lot of old people who never knew how to take care of their money, and a lot of children that couldn't tell their pedigree.

"It ought to be put a stop to," said one, as he looked woebegone, having heard of some of the Elder's "freaks," as he called them. "I cannot understand why they let him go on so and disgrace the *whole relation*."

"Now, John," remarked his wife, "you needn't worry; he is not relation enough to you to hurt much. I remember, when the Elder was poor, that you said you didn't know him and didn't want to, and that he was no relation of yours."

"I know I used to care very little about him; and as to relationship, my father and his were cousins, that makes us 'double cousins,' you know; and if he goes on in this way he will bring disgrace on us all.

"Now, it would seem much more 'sensibler' if he would give me money enough to buy that quarter over the creek, than to be spending so much money on the Temperance cause."

"Did you ever ask him?" inquired his wife.

"Well, no, I never did; but I think I will, though

I confess I am almost ashamed to. You see, one time when the Elder was mighty hard up I traded for a little note against him, and when it came due I went to see him about it. He frankly told me that he was short of money—had been sick, some of his stock had died, but if I could wait until harvest he would pay me.

“But I had promised to loan some money to that ‘feller’ that was going to set up a saloon over at the station, so I told the Elder I was needin’ the money and must have it.

“While we were talking, a man came along and proposed to buy a cow the Elder had; she was richly worth fifty dollars, but as I pressed him for the money he sold the cow for forty and paid off the note. I felt a little mean, as this was the only cow he had; but I got my money and let the saloon man have it; and if I did press the Elder a little, the money helped the town by helping the saloon-keeper to start business.

“I think I will go down and see him; he has forgot all about that, any way. I will just ask him to buy the land for me. He won’t take a mortgage, and I will get the land. Might as well have some of the money while it’s goin’.”

Accordingly, John got ready in a few days, and taking his wife and children in the carriage set out on his visit. Arriving there, the Elder received him

cordially, and John—well, he acted very much like he thought the Elder was the smartest and best man on earth. He flattered him, bragged on his wife and children, glorified the work he was doing, talked of the blessedness of doing good and the wisdom of being your own executor; told marvelous stories about how the people rejoiced, and lauded the benevolence and wisdom displayed in the management of the Home, and hinted at the possibility of the people being led by a popular movement to make the Elder President of the United States.

To all this Elder Love listened unmoved; inquired about his family, their worldly prospects; advised with him in regard to the best and most approved methods of farming, and presented John's wife and children with some beautiful books and other presents.

As the time drew near for John to return, he spoke of the land; said he had always wanted "that particular piece of land;" that the owner was a poor man, had a large family; the land was mortgaged and must be sold. It could now be bought cheap. John said he did not have the money to buy it, but if the Elder would buy it for him it would be a great help.

Elder Love heard John's story, and inquired how much land he already owned.

John replied he only had a square section, and that

was hardly enough for a man with a wife and two children to make a livin' on. True, he had told the Elder that if the owner of the coveted quarter had only worked as he ought, and not spent so much time going to meetin', or fed so many preachers, he could easily have raised his family of eight children and paid off the mortgage besides.

Before John left, the Elder promised to think the matter over and let him know in a few days.

John and his wife took their departure—John eager and anxious about the land; the wife deeply impressed with what she had seen and heard, with a strong conviction that there was much more in life than she had ever realized in her toil to pile up wealth for her children while they grew up in ignorance.

A few days later the Elder sent a trusted messenger to inquire into the particulars regarding the situation of the owner of the coveted farm, and this is what he learned:

The owner, whom we will call Joe, had toiled long and hard to remove a little mortgage from his home, but sickness in his family and the payment of a note to John, as endorser, had badly crippled him, and now he was discouraged. Added to his other troubles, John had circulated a report that the mortgage on Joe's farm would soon be foreclosed and poor Joe set adrift.

When the messenger arrived at Joe's house he found him in bed, with the good pastor of his church sitting by his side trying to comfort him. Joe's wife, dear soul, was cast down as she thought of the time soon to come when she must leave the dear old place. Here she began homekeeping; here her children had been born; and from this spot the angels had carried a precious babe, making all so sacred. Now, as she looked out on the lawn, the blooming roses, the jessamines, the ivies and hydrangeas that she had planted and trained with her own hands, and thought, Must these all go into the hands of strangers? is it any wonder she felt and looked the picture of despair!

The pastor had read the precious words, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions," and was singing, at the request of Joe,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my all shall be."

While the hymn was being sung Joe's eyes flashed with holy light, and sweet peace filled the room where they sat.

The messenger told his business, and soon learned the story as I have told it to you. Bidding them be of good cheer, he took his leave, and returning reported to the Elder.

A few days later, two letters found their way to the postoffice at B—. One was addressed to Joe, the other to John.

Joe's read as follows:

S— M—, 188—.

DEAR JOE:

Please find enclosed note and mortgage, all paid and canceled, with a check which may help you some in your present needs.

By order of the Dear Lord,

ELDER LOVE.

The other letter (bearing same date) ran thus:

S— M—, 188—.

DEAR JOHN:

I have considered your proposition carefully, for me to help you buy Joe's farm, and remembering that you said that if Joe had worked as you did he could easily have supported his family of eight children and paid off the mortgage; and you said also that you needed that land to help you to make a living for your wife and two children, notwithstanding the fact that you now own four times as much land as Joe—I conclude by your reasoning that the more land a man has the more trouble he has to take care of his family.

I therefore, in kindly sympathy for you and yours,
decline to assist you to secure this additional burden.

Praying God's richest blessings on you, I am,

In Jesus your Brother,

ELDER LOVE.

Could you have looked into Joe's home you might have seen him in humble gratitude on his knees with his good wife thanking Him with hearts full of unutterable joy.

John's letter "madded" him. He said "crank!" "crazy!" "fanatic!" and was more and more convinced that something ought to be done to prevent the Elder from disgracing his relations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Other Class.

THERE was another class of good, earnest souls that seemed greatly troubled because Elder Love was inclined to live in plain, simple style, and, as they said, far below his ability. They asked what was the good of having money if you did not use it in the gratification of your own fancy and desire. Indeed, it had grown to be an accepted doctrine, even with members of the Church of God, that a man was perfectly justifiable in any amount of expenditure and extravagance, provided he was able to pay for it. If he chose to pay ten thousand dollars for a pair of fancy horses, five hundred or a thousand for a shawl for his wife or daughter, or for an aristocratic "spread," whose business was it, provided he had the money to pay for it!

To such souls it was nothing that this amount of money would be abundant to pay the salaries of half a dozen missionaries, or help to clothe and feed a score of widows and their helpless children who otherwise might cry for bread. It was *their money*, and they had the right to use it to suit their notions of propriety.

To live plainly and comfortably, and "save that they might have to give," had never been put in their Bible; or, if it had, their eyes were holden so they did not see it. They never learned the blessedness of self-denial and the glory of "working together with Him" to lift the burdens from their brethren around them. "Verily, they had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge."

Let us look into that stately mansion as it stands surrounded by the magnificent lawn, embowered in roses and flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. The day is lovely, the air is full of the odors of fruit and bud, wafted from gardens of rich profusion, while with music of sweetest song birds flit from twig to twig and join their voices with all nature in praise of the bountiful Giver. Inside these stately walls are the evidences of wealth, culture and refinement: libraries filled with rare books; on the walls hang pictures that tell of a master-hand; everything has been done that art, science, taste and skill could do. It was a very bower of loveliness where the eye and brain could feast continually.

In the spacious parlors there was gathered a select company, all members of the fashionable "church around the corner" with taller spire than any other in the city by more than twenty feet. In this company were

deacons, elders, Sunday-school officers and teachers—all earnest in their church work as far as they believed it to be their duty to go. They had a great organ and a splendid choir; they paid their minister a large salary and paid it promptly; the Sabbath-school lacked nothing in books and papers. Their “socials” and “festivals” “were grand;” they said their minister, the Rev. Dr. Blank, LL.D., was the most eloquent in the city; his sermons were never more than thirty minutes long, and thereby never interfered with the Sunday dinner. Their prayer-meetings—well, they were not crowded, and always closed on time, if for no other reason than lack of interest. As to special meetings or evangelists, they were too strictly orthodox to believe in them. “All their meetings were holiness meetings, and they were opposed on principle to any kind of religious excitement whatever.” There was no need of such things in that church; they were full already, and a revival might bring in a lot of *servant-girls* or *common people* that was not to be desired.

Do not judge these people harshly; they were good people—yes, grand people, in their way; they paid large sums to missions, church extension, and all other Church benevolences. They were the first to hear the cry of distress as it came on lightning wing from flooded districts or cities ruined by storm or flame; and

promptly they poured out of their abundance for relief. They even built and supported a mission for the poor to hear the Gospel. But alas! in that spiritual life necessary to constitute the true "Church of God," "they were neither cold nor hot!"

It was not always the wisest thing to inquire into their methods of business. If they loaned their money at usurious rates; if they leased their buildings to the "liquor traffic"; if they sold their grain to the distiller; if they failed to report the full amount of their holdings to the assessor; if they cut down the wages of their employés; if they compelled their dressmakers and laundresses to work at starvation prices—whose business was it! Take care of number one, was their law, and they were obedient thereunto.

This company we have seen were talking as companies of this kind generally do, when one of the good sisters secured the attention of all by saying:

"I never was more astonished in my life than I was the other day when making a few calls. I ran into Elder Love's, and just to think, when I rang the bell who should open the door but Mrs. Love herself! The idea of her coming to the door in place of sending a servant made me nervous—such a lack of taste and good breeding!"

"Did you ever!" exclaimed another in great

astonishment; "can't they afford to keep servants? However, we can't expect much from people who get rich so suddenly."

"Tell us about your visit, Auntie," came from a score of sweet voices.

"Well, it was like this: Mrs. Love met me at the door and gave me such a cordial greeting that I soon forgot her lack of culture in listening to her cheery voice as she asked me about my family, our church and church work. She talked of missions and all kinds of Christian work and Christian benevolence in such an easy, delightful way, and looked so happy, that I confess I almost envied her."

"How did she look? Was she dressed well? And how was the house furnished?"

"As to that, I certainly could find no fault with her dress; her house was furnished with the very best and most substantial furniture all through and through; but it was so plain, so unlike rich people ought to live, that it almost makes me sick to think of it. The truth is, we might as well be out of the world as out of fashion.

"I asked her how many servants she had, and told her I thought it would take a small army in that great house. She laughed and said there were eight or ten women in the house generally to help her, but this was

the afternoon for the regular weekly prayer-meeting and some had gone there, and some who were sick were out riding."

"Servants out riding, and the millionaire mistress at home taking care of the house! If that isn't fanaticism run mad!"

"I heard before that she treated her servants as equals; let them eat at the same table, had them come in to prayers and some go out riding every fine day."

"Tell you what, Auntie, I think we ought to do a little missionary work and appoint a committee to wait on her and expostulate with her on such actions. If she is allowed to treat her servants this way, ours will want to do the same, and unless we keep our feet on the lower classes, society will all be torn up by the roots."

A little group of men sat in another part of the room, and one was heard to ask another if Mrs. B—— had forgotten when she worked in his mother's kitchen.

But the committee idea took well with these ladies, as it was a sort of self-protection committee, and it was manifest to all these dear souls that if they expected to keep the whiphand over their servants it was bad policy to allow others to treat their help like they were human.

The committee was appointed, consisting of three very refined, intelligent, motherly women, who in due course of time rang the bell at the home of Elder Love.

Now, it so happened on this particular day and hour there was another committee having a conference in Elder Love's parlors, consulting over the best ways and means to save their fallen sisters and promote "social purity." When our three good sisters were ushered into the presence of these devoted women whose names were a household word all over the land, heard them talk of the need of effort in the great cities to save the girls from living death, and were told how so many of them were started on their downward road because of poor wages and harsh treatment in professed Christian homes—when they listened to all this, and with them bowed in prayer while one after another of these godly women sent up their petitions to the good Father of us all for help, and courage, and grace to stand firm and do right even if it did cut across all the preconceived opinions of fashionable society; and lastly, when the prayers were over and they joined in the sweet song—

“Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me,”

one of this wonderful committee actually got up with tears streaming down her face, confessed how she had closed her eyes to everything of this kind, but now she

saw clearly her duty, and by the grace of God she proposed to do it in His Name.

Was that all! No, indeed. She took off her diamond ring and her diamond bracelets and gave them to one of these noble women to dispose of and use the proceeds to help save some fallen one in the great city.

Nor was that all. For when the day came to report on their work, they simply told their resolves, for they were all of one mind now, and they proceeded to reorganize their households on a godly basis, while the help in these Christian homes thought surely the millennium had come.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Press.

“MY people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.”

In this age of steam and electricity the man who ignores the Press makes a mistake that can never be remedied or overcome. The men who organize or lead forces that operate for good or evil in this world must be men who are alive to the issues of the day. The daily and weekly papers, going as they do into the marts of trade—libraries, hotels, resorts, and homes of the people, are the great moulders of thought and promoters of action. Without this power and influence no party or organization dependent on the sympathy and support of the people could possibly live to an age of usefulness. On the other hand no paper could live that failed to espouse a cause that was popular at least with a goodly share of the people.

The Rum power had either captured or silenced a large part of the public press to that extent that little opposition was felt by them from that source. Elder Love saw that if this war was to be made aggressive

there must be a stronger press than was now in the field on the side of Temperance reform. Daily papers were needed, dropping argument and reason into every place.

When once the Elder saw his duty he was prompt to act. Calling around him his trusted advisers, plans were formed, arrangements were made, and a plant in each of three important cities secured.

The same unseen hand that had so signally guided the Elder and his fellow-workers was with them still. So it came to pass that on the morning of the Fourth of July, 18—, a change of management and policy was duly announced. This was the first intimation the public had of such a movement, and it was like a thunder-clap in a clear sky.

It was not intended to suddenly place these papers on radical lines, but rather go before the people and lead them to listen to argument and reason. This, however, was not to be. You might as well have undertaken to "pull a gun off easy" as to launch a great popular daily on the Prohibition stream without awakening all the power and antagonism of the opposition.

The secret was out, and immediately the Rum power trained their guns on what they said was "a weak, misguided craft at best." From every quarter they rained shot and shell thick and fast, and flooded

the country with their vile aspersions. They charged all manner of unworthy motives on the Elder for daring in this free land to purchase and run a daily paper in the interest of Temperance, morality, honesty and good government, and boldly predicted bankruptcy and ruin.

The party that lost three such staunch organs was at a great loss to know how to repair the damage they sustained. The men who controlled the money within their lines were slow to invest to start other papers without better assurances of profitable returns than the field seemed to promise at this time. This being the case, little was done but howling and complaining at the "audacity" and "arrogance" of the Elder.

The bankruptcy predicted never came. The public soon learned that papers that were bold for the truth, fair in argument, and kindly disposed toward their opponents would bear reading, and the more they read the more they were inclined to read. Neither did it take long to develop the fact that these papers were not only to live, but that they were to lead the thought in the great valley of the Mississippi. Conducted as they were by wise, shrewd men, excluding all objectionable things, the enterprise moved grandly on. The people were reached and led to see that every interest of the country could be better served by the utter destruction of the Rum power.

If any one has supposed that this great battle was soon to be fought out and the foe of humanity would quietly "fold his tent and steal away," they were very much mistaken. They had no thought of surrender. One party or the other must die, and the death-struggle would of necessity be a fearful one. The Press, though strong on the side of the Rum power, was met by a superior force on the other side, and the battle raged with increased fury.

This, however, was the beginning of the end.

CHAPTER XX.

Bob at College.

NOW that Bob had given himself wholly to God, and the Angel of the Covenant had touched his lips with the live coal, he began to cast about to know what to do. His education had been neglected. Friends advised him to spend a few years at school. Brother Shrewd finally consented, and provided Bob with money, and soon we find him in college, bending all his energies to fit himself for a life of devotion and toil for the Master.

Away from home and friends, he realized as never before his need of Divine help. Temptations for pleasure, temptations to ambition, temptations to be as others of his companions, beset him on every side. Fortunate for him he had secured anchorage for his soul, and the Everlasting Arms were underneath and around about him. He boldly met and overcame his temptations, and like a "giant filled with new wine" he pressed on with a single eye, turning neither to the right nor to the left, day after day and month after month growing in ability, power, and the love of God.

His strong physical powers served him well as he grappled with intricate problems and difficult surroundings. First, he appeared as a green country boy; soon as an energetic, forceful man; later, as a strong Hercules who aspired to mighty achievements. His deep spiritual life led him to seek companionship and association with those of "like precious faith." To this more perhaps than any other agency he became indebted for the wonderful powers he afterward displayed.

Once each week they met to tell each other of the great things God had done for them. One of the most faithful attendants at these meetings was a plain, unassuming woman, somewhat older than Bob, who like him had a burning desire to act well her part in the coming struggle between truth and error in establishing the New Kingdom.

Please do not begin to imagine a love story: this is not to be one. These two souls did love God with all their hearts; they loved the Master's work; and as a natural sequence they loved each other as "workers together with Him." They often met and encouraged each other, for it is written as "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

Now, this woman's soul was all on fire to deliver the Nation from the Rum power. Bob soon saw that

before the reign of Christ should be universal, it would be necessary to "go through the gates, gather out the stones, and lift up a standard for the people." He realized that the Rum power had spread a net for the feet of every young man and boy in the land, and before they could be brought to Christ they must be saved from the saloon. To him it looked like madness to establish a system and then go out to contend with and fight the effects.

Bob was quick to see the right, and ready to follow it without fear or favor. He studied how he might best know and influence men. No lesson was too hard for him if in the learning he should be better prepared to contend against the hosts of sin. With unquenchable zeal, he pressed onward up the shining way of Christian culture, Christian knowledge, and Christian experience, until he stood the peer of any in all that constitutes manhood in its best and truest sense, and stepped forth on the field of conflict having power with God and with men.

ENOUGH.

I will not ask my neighbor of his creed,
Nor what he deems of doctrine old or new;
Nor what rites his honest soul may need
To worship God—the only wise and true;
Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ;
Nor with what baptism he has been baptized.

I ask not what temptations have beset
His human heart, now self-debased and sore;
Nor by what wayside well the Lord he met;
Nor where was uttered, "Go and sin no more."
Between his soul and God that business lies;
Not mine to cavil, question, or despise.

I ask not by which name, among the rest
That Christians go by, he is named or known;
Whether his faith has ever been "professed,"
Or whether proven by his deeds alone;
So there be Christhood in him, all is well;
He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak,
Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,
And heal the heart by sorrow rent and wrung;
If he give good for ill, and love for hate—
Friend of the friendless, poor and desolate—

I find in him discipleship so true,
So full, that nothing further I demand.
He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile, Jew,
But we are brothers—walk we hand in hand.
In his white life let me the Christhood see;
It is enough for him, enough for me.

CHAPTER XXI.

Fishing at Aunt Sally's Church.

“**I** MARVEL that ye are so soon removed from him
• **I** that called you into the grace of Christ unto
another Gospel.”

Strange as it may appear to us, the history of the race has been that notwithstanding the marvelous manner in which God manifested His power in the deliverance of His people in all ages, they were prone to forget Him. They saw His power in dividing the Red Sea that they might pass over dryshod, and the utter destruction of their enemies, to go away to murmur and complain. They rejoiced in the bursting of the shackles of slavery and deliverance from bondage, to sigh and mourn for the flesh-pots of Egypt. They drank of the gushing waters that flowed from the smitten rock and ate of the manna that fell from heaven, to forget the source from whence they came and set up the golden calf and worship at its shrine while the thunders of Sinai spoke of His almighty power.

Through all the history of the Church, men have been seeing, hearing, and realizing His wondrous power and love, to turn away after “another gospel.”

The church where Aunt Sally lived was no exception to this rule. There the young men and maidens had been converted; the old fathers and mothers were lifted to a higher plane of Christian experience; they had been filled with unspeakable joy; they talked of the sweets of a common brotherhood and saw their influence telling for good on the entire region round about, and yet, in the face of all and despite of all, many of them turned from the "King's Highway" into the grassy lanes and green paths of worldly pleasure.

Naturally the question will arise, Why all this? Can it be possible that men who had once tasted of the heavenly gift, had their names enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life, heirs to a mansion and a crown, a harp of gold with which to sing the new, new song in presence of the innumerable company, would turn again to herds of swine or barter all for a mess of pottage!

But it's true—sadly true. The old enemy is subtle and determined—ever ready to mass his forces against any man or community who will dare to take the straight, uncompromising track regardless of consequences. His most effectual tactics are to lead to compromise, letting up here and there, duty neglected, doubts created, faults and infirmities magnified, until one after another are ready to say with Peter "I go fishing." No other occupation ever presented to men

is so attractive as fishing—fishing for gold, fishing for land, fishing for place, fishing for pleasure, fishing for everything, fishing day and night at the risk of life, health, character, home, happiness, heaven. Fishing by the deacons, elders, pastor and people, old and young—fishing for fun, fishing for profit, until the whole world becomes one great fishpond with banks lined with immortal beings all fishing for empty bubbles that perish in the grasp, leaving the soul a poor disappointed wreck to drift without chart or rudder on the ocean of time and be dashed at last on the rocks of destruction.

The high calling of God in Christ Jesus is to be made fishers of men. To this work Aunt Sally's church solemnly covenanted with God. To carry it forward all their powers of soul and body, time, talents, influence, reputation, houses, lands, and money, for all time to come, was sacredly pledged.

In consideration of these things nominated in the bond, Christ came and applied the blood; the soul-house was made clean from every stain sin had made, and he with the Father and the Holy Ghost took up their abode with them and made ready to keep their part of this wonderful contract, which was a pledge of "help in time of need," "deliverance in time of trouble," "shelter in time of storm," "peace flowing like a river,"

“joy unspeakable and full of glory,” “an inheritance among the saints in light.” To give all and receive all, finite joined to infinite, weakness linked with power, humanity and divinity united in one everlasting co-operative company to redeem this old world, all sealed by the blood of the atonement.

The tempting bait of selfishness, skillfully placed on Satan’s hooks, was cast into the waters around Aunt Sally’s home, and strong men who had been so wondrously saved began slowly but surely to take hold, and were as surely drawn away and carried down the stream of worldliness into the camp of the enemy. They did not leave the fold—they could not do that; the perfume of the “garden of spices” was too precious to be forgotten; but they, great Samsons, with locks shaven, eyes out, shorn of their strength, became a laughing-stock for the gay worldlings.

Sad as this state of declension was, the old ship was not completely stranded. This was the trial period. “Purified, made white, and then tried,” is God’s universal law governing His children. There were many who stood the test, and if while the battle raged they were pushed aside, like the bent bow they sprang to their place again.

Aunt Sally and many others mourned over this sad state of things, and daily—yes, constantly—prayer

went up for help in this fearful struggle. The old evangelist did what he could to turn the tide of battle, but he was hampered; his fear of "quenching the smoking flax or breaking the bruised reed" led him to temper his words so that oftentimes they failed of their mission. The rich grew richer, the poor struggled harder; some whose voice was often heard in prayer and praise and burning testimony now remained at home for want of sufficient clothing. Wives toiled over the washtub to feed their helpless children, while the rich rolled in luxury, bought more land, increased their herds, and did as was their former custom, "oppressed the poor." Still they were "saved"—at least they said so on every proper occasion, and were ready to tell how easy it was to trust in the Lord for food and raiment while they had a good bank account.

Elder Love often visited the place, for there he had many dear friends; but like the prophet, he was wont to say "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep over the slain of the daughters of my people!" He with Aunt Sally and the old evangelist deplored the sad state of things. They talked of superficial consecration and *that kind of Christian love* that could roll in wealth and leave their brothers who bowed at the same altar and loved the same God and were bound for the same heaven to

struggle in poverty without making a single effort to help them.

The good old evangelist was one of those faithful men who never had time to devote to money-getting, and if he had, it is doubtful if he could have succeeded—he was too much absorbed in winning souls to plan and scheme for such a purpose. His was the “High Calling,” and being engaged in a great work could not come down. He was ready to do or dare anything that he might minister to the comfort of the saints and build up the Kingdom. On the battle-fields of his country, amid shot and shell, he went over the fields of carnage ministering to the wounded as best he could, and pointing the dying soldier to the “Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world,” receiving the last message from their lips to be conveyed to weeping mothers, wives, and sisters. On Shiloh’s bloody fields he had found Aunt Sally’s first-born and carried him away, staunching his life-blood as he led him to trust in the “Mighty to Save.”

This, however, was the duty of the chaplain, for which the Government paid him; the debt was cancelled, and obligation ceased. For this Aunt Sally would gladly have pensioned him for life, but alas, the purse-strings were controlled by her husband.

The Elder repeatedly called the attention of the old

evangelist to this state of things, urging him to uncover this sham and delusion and let the people once more see the truth. From this he shrank, saying that he "was so poor if he preached what he believed to be the truth the Church would think he was begging for himself, and therefore he could not do it."

At last, however, he undertook the task, encouraged by the words that "open reproof is better than secret love."

CHAPTER XXII.

Visit of Representatives of the W. C. T. U. at the Home.

AT the close of a lovely day in June, a little group of friends sat in the quiet parlor of Elder Love thinking and talking over the services of the day, for it was the Sabbath. This group was a remarkable one—such as cannot properly be described or understood by human minds or human understandings. To say that it was composed of some of the most notable leaders of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union would be correct. But to tell of their peculiarities, their zeal, their mightiness in shaping and moving this busy world, must be reserved for history, when clearer light shall illuminate the hearts and minds of men. To understand them fully, we must wait until the "mists have cleared away." Not because they were strange, visionary, or idealistic; for they were not. But to understand the principles that governed them, one must be skilled in all that constitutes utter forgetfulness of self and complete abandon to the will of God, with a purpose to do their work at all costs. Aye, more. If

you insist on comprehending these women you must get to the fountain head of all wisdom and learn there from whence they draw their inspiration and power.

This was not a large company, but large enough, when linked with Almighty Power, to move the universe. They had come from their several homes and fields of conquest for a specific purpose, and had so timed themselves that they might spend a Sabbath at the Home, and with the guests of the dear Lord drink to the full of the rich spiritual blessings that flowed so wonderfully through every department of the Home.

The question may be asked here, "Is it true that there is constant and increasing manifestation of the presence of the Holy One at the Home?" The answer was given affirmatively ages ago in Isaiah's prophecy, sixtieth chapter. The conditions had been met, the key to continued prosperity was discovered, and with communications fully established with Divine love, the stream flowed like the river Ezekiel saw, until there were waters to swim in as they gathered together week after week and month after month.

Let us return to the parlor of Elder Love, where these children of the King were holding sweet converse over the great things heard, said, and enjoyed during the day.

"Elder," said Sister F——, "we have seen to-day,

as never before, what wonderful things can be accomplished with consecrated money. The practical side of Christianity has been so beautifully illustrated that I am led to believe if we could set up such object-lessons all over the world for the people to see we could soon win it to Christ."

"Truly," remarked Sister C——, "the preaching that is to do this work must partake of a character that men can see it. It is easy to stand in the experience meeting and declare we have given all to Christ, and to sing "Only Jesus will I know," but when we do that the world wants to see us carry it out in our lives. If God and Heaven and immortal souls are everything, then we who profess to believe this truth ought to prove by our acts that we do really in our hearts believe it."

"All very well," said Sister L——, "but we cannot afford to linger or falter ourselves because others seem so far from the truth; let us go forward and set the example."

"Just my opinion," remarked Sister H——. "But we cannot—ought not to leave these stingy Christians to sleep on and not make a tremendous effort to arouse them and get them to work."

"My friends," said Sister M——, "I have been thinking what a disappointment many will meet in the great day—people who are now as calm as a May

morning. They talk about meeting their fathers and mothers in heaven, get happy and shout over the prospect, pile up money, live in style, belong to a fashionable church, but never lift their hands to do a thing for humanity. Can they get there?"

"No! never," replied Sister R——; "and I feel like telling them so. We ought certainly to undeceive them. Dear souls, if we let them go down to death unwarned, will not 'their blood be upon our heads!'"

Thus they conversed on the danger of being deceived, and other questions involving immortal interests.

Stopping short in this conversation, Sister W—— said: "Elder, our work has grown on our hands so much, of late, new lines have opened before us so rapidly, that we are undecided what to do. We are now at great expense, and to enlarge our work means greatly increased expenses. We came here to consult you, and perhaps ask for help to carry forward this work. Now that we are here and see for ourselves all that you have done and are doing, I confess I feel ashamed to even mention this subject."

"Well, now," said the Elder, drily, "I suppose you think I am 'bearing burdens enough already,' as a good sister told me the other day."

"Indeed we do," said Sister C——. "When a man builds and equips such a Home as that, and pro-

vides food, clothing, and attendance for over one thousand helpless people besides the Orphanage you have on hand, it looks like asking more would be a sin."

Sister H—— declared that to be her opinion.

"Dear sisters," said Elder Love, "to tell the truth, this would be a big contract for a man to take; but you see I have not taken it. The dear Lord is doing this work, and I am only a sort of *chore boy* for Him. If you imagine that I am bearing burdens, you are very much mistaken. 'Labor is rest, and pain is sweet, in this blessed service!' What would you have me do?"

They talked of the many open doors pressing them to enter to rescue the fallen, care for the sick, teaching the children of the poor and the outcast, besides the completion of the Temple requiring many hundred dollars of ready cash.

The hour was late when they bowed together in prayer, commending themselves to the watchful care of the God of Jacob. Before separating for the night, the Elder said, "Sisters, I believe in you and your work. I believe you are chosen of God to do mighty things for him. When you go to your fields, never be afraid to ask me for what you want, and I, as the steward of the dear Lord, will only be too glad to respond as far as possible. In view of your present

needs, as I have just received a draft for the first instalment from the mines, you shall take that with you."

"My!" said Sister W——. "I thought you sold the mines."

"So I did; but I retained an interest in the profits after all expenses were paid, and this is my first monthly dividend."

When the draft was shown they involuntarily sang

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

What Shall We Do With the Boys?

“**W**HATSOEVER thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

Life at most is so short, that he who would fill the measure to the full, of faithful service for the Master, must ever be on the alert; watching every point, if peradventure some field might be left uncultivated that could have been made to yield an abundant harvest.

The Elder had gathered around him a company of faithful men and women whose only object in life was to so live and labor, that humanity might be better and happier, and the kingdom be extended and built up. These men and women were faithful in whatever work was given them to do, and they realized the fulfillment of the promise—“Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.” Whatever this promise meant to others, to them it was a verity. Many stood off and looked on in amazement at their wonderful success, never once divining the real cause.

Let me tell you the reason why success so constantly came to them. First, they sought to know the

will of God—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do"? was the prayer ever on their lips. To doubt that God will some way make the path of duty plain and straight before His children when they seek to know it with all their hearts, is to doubt the wisdom, ability, and love of God. Just how He will reveal His will to you, dear reader, I shall not undertake to say; but that He will do it, is as clearly taught in the Bible as any other truth.

The trouble with many of us is we are so impatient, headstrong, willful, and like the "horse or mule, we have no understanding, and our mouths must be held with bit and bridle." Such refractory souls can never be taught the secrets of the Lord.

These people never doubted or questioned the propriety of going forward, when once the path of duty was revealed to them. They were not slaves performing an irksome task, but rejoicing in their high privilege they were co-workers with Him in building up the Kingdom. When work was given them, they each sought to do their part in the best possible manner. There were no shirkers or drones in the hive, no talents laid away in a napkin.

The Orphanage had been built and was filled with joyous, happy children guided and trained by careful, loving hands who realized their blessed privilege in

thus laboring to mould and fashion these young lives after Him whose image they were to bear before the world as they took their places in after years in the great throng of ceaseless workers until the Master said "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Preparatory to the time that was soon to come when many of these children ought to be trained and drilled in some useful occupation, the Elder had purchased a farm of several thousand acres. This estate had formerly been the home of one of the leading men in the state. He was a noble Christian man; had lived a life of loyalty to God; and now that he had been promoted to be a king and priest, it seemed fitting and proper that this fine old estate should be turned into and fitted up for the further training of these children. The farm was admirably adapted to such a purpose, with marvelously rich soil, producing immense crops of grain, grass, and fruits.

"What shall we do with the boys?" was asked by a minister's wife; when the Elder and his co-workers began to look seriously into this question. The villages, towns and cities were full of bright, manly, energetic boys who had little opportunity for training in any kind of useful employment. The use of the vast machinery that the fertile brain of American genius had produced

had left no place for the boy. They could not work without experience, and they could not get experience without work. There seemed no open door, especially to the great mass of boys who came from the homes of the toilers. As a result, there was an army of boys spending much of their time on the street corners, ready to fall a prey to the many snares that had been set for their unwary feet.

When this good mother asked this question, it became apparent to every one that something must be done to counteract bad influences and instil right principles. True, we had the public school, and many magnificent colleges and universities had been established and endowed, each doing grand work in their way; but only the rich and prosperous could avail themselves of the benefits offered by these institutions. The masses, who were to fight the stern, hard battles of life, had not been provided for in a way that would properly fit them for life's duties. Where could these boys go and receive mental and physical training under the protection of kind, loving teachers and superintendents, at a cost within their ability to pay—or, if too poor to pay, absolutely free.

The question of this Christian mother had started the thought, and steps were immediately taken to provide a model training-school on the grand old estate,

to be named, in honor of the original owner, BROWN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. Time was necessary to prepare and arrange the old farm, erect the buildings, arrange the departments, and purchase and set up the machinery required.

The detail of all this work would weary the reader. At this time it is sufficient to say that everything was done on the most improved plans. Agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, and all other useful branches were taught both in theory and practice by men and women thoroughly competent without regard to a few dollars expenditure more or less. In the Mechanical Department all kinds of useful trades were arranged for in the same practical way; so when the boy had passed through he was competent to take a high position among men and be an honored member of society.

Those who were able, paid a reasonable price for these privileges; while the poor had equal advantages absolutely free.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Tithing at the Home.

“**B**RING ye all the tithes into the storehouse.”

.. The doctrine of the tithes was so clearly taught, and its advantages and reasonableness were so beautifully demonstrated at the Home, that it became a delightful custom, adopted by thousands of earnest souls who had hitherto made their contributions in the old haphazard way so common in the Church of God. It was observed that no individual or church having once adopted this divine system desired to return to the old way. The results were so blessed, the “King’s business” was managed so easily, the blessings that followed were so abundant, that all were satisfied.

“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse and try me and see.”

The people did bring in the tithes supplemented with rich offerings, and the promise was verified. The blessings of heaven were poured out in richer measure than ever before in temporal as well as spiritual things. The grounds brought forth abundantly, flocks and herds increased, and Christian business prospered greatly.

Following all this, and more than all this, spiritual blessings fell like the "dews of Hermon" on the churches, on families, and into the hearts of His children, until there was not room to contain it.

Hence the spreading, widening and deepening of this hallowed influence. Men came "as doves to their windows," earnestly seeking like precious faith. The old long-faced, sad, gloomy religion that represented God as standing with a flaming sword ready to strike if men dared to be happy, was a thing of the past; while the command to "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion"! was literally obeyed by many of His saints in the fullness of their joy, as their sons and daughters, neighbors and friends yielded themselves to the service of Christ,

Still there were some who stood aloof and talked of excitement and fanaticism, and were very anxious that everything should be done "decently and in order."

It came to pass, one beautiful day, two lovely children were rowing in a boat on a quiet lake. The boat was upset and the children were in great danger of being drowned. The mother ran up and down the lake shore, calling at the top of her voice, in frantic tones, for help. When help came and the little ones were restored to their mother's arms, she roused the entire village by her shouts of praise to the men who

saved her children. No one said that was out of order; indeed, it was regarded as a very natural and proper thing to do.

Later on, when this same mother saw these same precious children taken by the hand Divine from the "horrible pit and miry clay," "washed whiter than snow," and "established in their goings,"—when this mother in the fullness of her new joy magnified the grace that saves and gave glory to Him who had washed them in His own blood—these same very precise people accused her of "shocking all the proprieties of the solemn occasion."

May we not stop here and inquire why this feeling of opposition to religious joy that is manifest with so many good people. Here we grope in darkness when we attempt to answer, except you allow us to say that these good souls have never yet come into full and free contact with the stream of salvation that comes bounding from the eternal source of happiness and joy. The religion of Jesus is a religion of song. "They shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." When? The only answer is, when we submit to God and do His will.

Year after year improvements went on at the Home as needs required. The tithing system had placed

large sums of money in the hands of the Trustees to be used by them in some way for the cause of humanity. With this money a large and well-appointed hospital was established, with a school for nurses, where science, skill, and well-trained nursing combined with the blessing of God to cure many suffering ones. "He healeth all thy diseases."

Elder Love had now a large annual income from his share of the mines, a part of which he resolved to use as an incident or annex to the Home. Far up amid the northern pines grounds were purchased and needful preparations made for a pilgrimage by these old saints, who found the heated term drew too heavily on their vital forces. Another quiet resting-place was found in the Southland, surrounded with orange groves, embowered in roses, and fanned by the warm, life-giving gulf breezes, for those who were too much wasted to endure the rigors of the northern winters, where they hied themselves away to the land of flowers.

Thus the hallowed influence spread from north to south, as the Home Car made its trips to the north in summer and to the south in winter, bearing its precious freight to congenial climes, guarded by hands whose very touch bespoke the love of God.

As no pen can ever write the history and blessed influence of this Home upon the Church, and the world

as well, or no imagination can ever paint a picture so beautiful and lovely, illustrating Christian love and Christian benevolence, we must now take leave of the Home and let the great eternity tell its wondrous story.

Before taking final leave, however, we want to tell our readers of a death scene that occurred at the Home. Nay, I do not mean that. Death never came to that Home. The Master came and gave "His beloved sleep." The chariot and the angels came and carried the saints one after another to the "House of many mansions," but Death was a conquered enemy and had no place there.

"When the perfect man is come,
Earth and Heaven shall be his home
Largely gifted, largely blest;
Of the world and sky possessed;
He shall be great natural heir,—
Lord of earth, and sea, and air.
There shall be no sickness then;
Health shall weave her anadem;
Music fall from Heaven like rain;
Birth be free from mother-pain."

CHAPTER XXV.

Sermon and Testimony at Aunt Sally's Church.

TO reprove our friends or uncover their faults is not the most pleasant thing to do under any circumstances, but especially hard when there is danger of being misunderstood and failure be the result.

Evangelist True did not come to the point of resolve to deliver the message without a severe struggle. There was danger of "breaking the bruised reed and quenching the smoking flax"; so much so, that it is by no means strange that there was a struggle. All that he could do, and all that could be done, was to follow the light and leave results with God.

The old church at Aunt Sally's home was crowded as usual on Sabbath morning with earnest souls coming from far and near—some to worship, some to see, and hear what was said, and a large number of another class who came to "get blest," which seemed to be the alpha and omega of their Christian life. The preacher looked burdened and careworn as he entered the pulpit. His pale face and long white beard reminded one of the old Patriarchs and Prophets of "whom the world was not

worthy," as we have pictured them in our imagination over and over again.

Services were opened in the usual form, the great congregation joining heartily in singing

"My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time and voice;*
Myself, my reputation;
The lone way is my choice."

Slowly rising, the preacher looked over the congregation with a sadness that seemed to say, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep over the slain of the daughters of my people," and announced the text: "Ye have not lied unto men, but unto God." "Better thou hadst not vowed, than fail to pay thy vows unto the Most High."

He began by reviewing the condition of the sick soul, all burdened and crushed with the weight of guilt as his moral state was revealed unto him by the Holy Spirit; the awfulness of that moment and the honesty of that soul as it enters into covenant with God to abandon sin and follow Christ. The acceptance of the pledge on the part of the Almighty; the forgiveness granted, and the peace and joy that poured into the stricken soul.

Again, he led them to consider the obligation that

*Especially the voice.

rested on that redeemed soul to bring a "living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God"; the solemnity of that hour and that act when in the light of regeneration a living, immortal soul stands face to face with God and surrenders its own will, its own powers, its own desires, its own self-loves, its own ambitions, and instead accepts the "will of God," the "reproaches of Christ," the divine promises, the "rest of faith," and unbars the heart for the "Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost" to enter and dwell forevermore.

Next, the blessedness of that hour when the cleansing power of Divine grace swept through the soul, removing every stain sin had made, purifying, healing, saving to the uttermost.

Dwelling on the sacredness of that contract as it stood signed and sealed by the blood of Jesus—"What," said he, "was the object on the part of the Almighty God in thus seeking you out in your lost, ruined condition, forgiving all your past sins, and leading you by His loving spirit to the 'fountain of cleansing,' and clothing you with power to do valiant things for Him in the great army of Christ. Was it that you might have a 'good time,' 'get blest,' come out on dress-parade on Sunday, and spend the week time in following your own wills and your own ways!

"Nay, verily. The Government requires of its

soldiers that they leave business, friends, homes, self-interest — everything dear to them, and go forth obediently, following their commander, enduring the hardships and dangers of army life, and if need be die on the field to sustain the honor of the flag and the power to rule its own lawful domain.

“Who says that is not right? And if a government formed by man has such rights, how much more and better rights does the God of Heaven possess over those whom He created, forgave, redeemed, and saved, to require of them that they leave all behind and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

“Religion is not a sentiment, but a living, vital force—an experience where the man of God becomes in reality a ‘living sacrifice,’ ready to live, ready to die, if in the living or dying the Kingdom be advanced.”

He called up the history of the early Christians, who without specific teaching, without precedent, “had all things common.” “He that gathered little, had no lack, and he that gathered much had nothing over.” This was the true Christ religion — Christ love, untrammelled by tradition or custom, or compromise with worldly policy or worldly loves.

Hear him as he discourses on the reasonableness of this divine compact. To give all and receive all; to be separate from the world; to abandon all worldly wisdom,

policy, hopes, emoluments, and honors—"pilgrims and strangers on the earth as all our fathers were." And lastly, the calamity that befel Annanias and Sapphira. They kept back part of the price; they lied to God; they bartered eternal life for a few paltry dollars; they died.

Unbelief in the promises of God was the secret. They feared to let go the world for fear they would suffer—had no faith; doubt led to lying, and lying to death.

The blessings of obedience. Even though it takes the first-born, we have nothing to fear. "The fiery furnace," the "lion's den," the prison, the stake, are as nothing with God.

When the evangelist began to apply the awful truth to his hearers, a strange conviction and fear fell on them—a looking inward revealed the sad decline in many hearts, and like the "young man" they went away sorrowful. Hear him as he charges the truth home to them, declaring that God would hold them responsible for the manner in which they treated the poor by hoarding up their wealth, which would most likely be spent at last in the saloon or brothel.

But why attempt to repeat this sermon. Could we remember and repeat the exact words, the power, pathos, and eloquence with which this faithful man of

God plead as a man pleads for his life can never be reproduced—never, never, never.

Closing, the old saint sat down overcome with sad emotions, while sobs and groans were heard all over the house.

Elder Love was there; and at the invitation of the preacher for any one to speak who wished, he arose and in a few well-chosen words endorsed what had been said, and invited others to speak. For a few moments there was deep silence. At last Brother Nathan slowly arose with streaming eyes and said:

“I sat down here to ‘Amen’ the sermon all the way through, but it got to be uphill business for me, and I quit. Just to think how mean I have been, going round professing holiness, and yet I refused to rent my farm to one of the brethren because he was poor, but did rent it to an Irishman who was a sinner. God have mercy on me!” And he sat down.

Next came Brother John, who was one of those quiet souls, always calm, cautious, and simply repeated the old story of the blessedness he realized in being saved day by day, and how easy it was for him to trust God. True, the lines had fallen to Brother John in “pleasant places”; he had a “goodly heritage”; and it was the general impression that he knew well how to keep it. When he sat down one of the good old fathers

arose full of suppressed excitement, his face pale, his knees smote, and he said:

“I should’nt wonder if what little property I have would send me to the devil yet”; and he sat down.

At this point Uncle Charley, who was very impulsive—often giving responses very freely in meeting, sang out in clear, ringing tones “Glory to God!” Now I can never account for this expression at this time, for surely Uncle Charley had never created the impression at any time that he was particularly “blest” when Christian benevolence was the theme. He could not have been asleep, and therefore unacquainted with what had been said in the sermon, or even the testimonies, for he was never known to be asleep when there was an opportunity to drive a good bargain with his neighbors.

Now, don’t get the impression that Uncle Charley was worldly-minded; he only wanted “enough to live on,”—“just to be comfortable, that was all.” So all he had was one broad section of rich, productive land, well stocked, large barns well filled. Oh, no, he was not worldly-minded. His good wife, dear soul, took great pride in showing her visitors some “love-feast” tickets she had kept as relics of the early days of Methodism, when the ministers sang so sweetly, while they pressed on in their labor of love—

"'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, Behold the Lamb!"

She loved those old days and old customs, so she brought out these old relics and showed them with her beautiful and costly "silver service." Well, Uncle Charley said "Glory to God" as usual, when the old evangelist turned and spoke, perhaps a little sharply,

"Uncle Charley, will you leave that fine farm and change places with Brother Henry if God says so?"

And there was silence in the "meetin' house," as Samantha Allen would say, for "three or four minits," when the question was repeated, with "if God says so" emphasized. Poor old Uncle Charley, with grand abilities and opportunities before him to do good, turned away with a sad heart, and was not known to say "Glory to God" in that church again.

Let us throw the mantle of charity over the scene at this point, and hope that God who is rich in mercy will in some way excuse such grand men as these in many respects, who so signally fail to meet the obligations that rest on them, inasmuch as they have been improperly taught on these lines.

The next day the good brethren thought best to close the series of meetings then in progress. The evangelist went to other fields. Some, no doubt, profited by the sermon, while others became more and more worldly.

It was true, however, that many of the things prophesied on that memorable day came to pass, and much of the money sacredly consecrated to God in that old church was taken off the altar and left to the legal heirs, and was spent in the saloon and brothel.

“Better thou hadst not vowed, than fail to pay thy vows unto the Most High.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

Gather Up the Fragments.

“**G**ATHER up the fragments, that nothing be lost.”

To save was the teaching of the Master while on earth. Paul supplemented this teaching by telling us the reason why we should save—“that we might have to give.”

Many good honest souls have been careful to learn the first part of this lesson, but never looking a step beyond to know the “reason why.”

If we should venture the statement in these pages that there was waste enough in the Christian Church to place every child of God above want and make them comfortable, it is doubtful if many would believe it. Without offering any arguments on this point, we only ask the skeptical to look carefully around them, examine their own homes and expenditures with an honest, sincere desire to learn the truth, promising they will make a discovery that will startle them.

For fear that some will say, as many others have done, that the writer “is in favor of giving everything away and living on nothing,” let me say you are very

much mistaken. We believe in the gospel of good dinners, good clothes, good cheer and a broad philanthropic Christian life with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging—a gospel that lifts men up, puts heart and strength into them, and is ready, willing—yea, anxious—to “bear each other’s burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.”

A gospel that does not bless the world will not save men. “One sinner destroyeth much good” applies as well to some old rich, miserly sinners in the Church as it does to the gambler or the saloon-keeper.

Who can tell the far-reaching effect of one act for good or evil! The poor woman that broke the alabaster box of very precious ointment called down the criticism and condemnation of every old miserly sinner around her; but Jesus said, “Whosoever this gospel is preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told as a memorial of her.”

Long after the names of Gould and Astor and the great capitalists of this money-loving age have been forgotten, and the marble shafts that mark their burial-place shall have crumbled into dust, this one loving act of this poor woman whom they said was a sinner will be told as an evidence of the power of God to save.

The angel told Cornelius as a reason for his coming

to him, "Thy prayers and thine *alms* are come up as a memorial before God."

Brethren, if you want to see an angel, send your *alms* along with your prayers; and the good you will do will go on increasing and widening as the waves of the sea. On the other hand, beware!

We were riding in a wagon on our way to a camp-meeting. At a little house in the edge of the woods, three nicely-dressed, nicely-behaved children came out with their lunch-basket and desired a ride to the meeting. There was plenty of room, the roads were good, but the owner and driver refused to take them in. The dear children were hurt and had to walk. To our protest at such action, we had this explanation. Some time previous this same driver had been refused a drink of water at this same house. So we repeated the words, "looking diligently, lest any root of bitterness springing up in you thereby many be defiled."

In our own experience we have been like Paul in that we have known how to abound and how to be abased, to be full and to be hungry; and we have realized a thousand times more happiness in extending a generous helping hand to others in His name than in receiving kindly gifts.

But we are after the fragments—the things that lie around in your way.

The money you spend that does you no possible good.

The use of land you control but do not cultivate.

The horse or cow you feed and do not use.

The jewelry that lies in your dressing-cases and never use save when you wish to make a display to gratify pride.

The partially worn-out clothing, useless to you, but of great value to that poor family over the way.

The books, magazines, and papers that accumulate on your tables, never to be read again, and a thousand other things—things purchased at stores for self, that cost large sums of money, and were an injury in many ways to the purchaser.

Don't mistake, now. Have good wholesome food and plenty of it; good clothes, good houses, good horses, good everything; and don't be afraid to use them for fear you will never get any more. But don't waste; don't keep a coat hanging in your wardrobe after you no longer need it; don't spend fifty dollars for a suit if forty will do just as well; give some one who is sick or poor the other ten, but don't beat the dealer out of his legitimate profit on his goods in order to save that ten.

We know a man who lives in the city, has plenty of money, no children; himself and wife alone; house large enough for a family of ten. When solicited to

assist in building a hospital for God's sick children, had no money to give or time to spend in looking after the matter—"Run to death with church work," they said.

They did spend three long months in enlarging their house, and spent as much money in fancy ornamentation as would have built two houses for two poor widows who must earn their living at the washtub—members of the same church organization, and could have been found within two squares of this Christian home.

I have cited this instance to show how easy it is for us to overlook Christian duty. They were our dear and valued friends, and honestly and earnestly desired, as we believe, to do the will of God. But they never sought God in the giving of their substance, or in sacrifices; neither did they ever realize the blessings that would have descended upon them, as the "ointment that ran down on Aaron's beard" or as "the dew of Hermon."

When the Christian Church learns and practices this lesson, they will find down at the base of the mountain of loving service "The Lord will command His blessing, even life evermore."

In a certain village a Christian lady was called on to assist in clothing a destitute family who were adherents to the same Church to which this lady belonged,

and she in the goodness of her heart remembered that she had some very useful clothing that she could spare, having outgrown them herself. Now, the strange thing in this incident is this: More than six years had passed away since this lady could have worn this clothing, and yet every winter during that time the town had been canvassed by Christian women for partly-worn clothing to be made over and refitted for the poor.

A good Christian man in the same town had a trunk full of books and magazines that had stood in his way for years, when it was known to him that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was gathering all such reading matter several times each year to send to the state prisons for the use of the unfortunates confined there.

Go through the rich farm-lands of Illinois, and acres of as good soil as ever the sun shone on either lies idle or is only poorly cultivated, much of it growing to weeds and briars, while all around them are poor men who cannot get enough for a potato-patch.

You may say (as others have done), these men would not cultivate it if they had it. No matter; you may even have a fragment of brains and energy to spare that if given with the land for a year would yield a bountiful harvest both to you and the man whom you try to help.

Look around you and see what you have and what you can do, and don't be afraid to tender in a kind, loving spirit, such help as you can.

Another incident may be helpful here. A good kind woman had a large quantity of refuse meat left over from the annual "butchering"; across the street was a poor family whom she desired to help, but feared an offer might be taken in a bad spirit. Finally she found the way, and was astonished to learn that it was the first meat the family had had for several months.

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," and send them out to bless the world. A kind and loving Father may have sent that family to you in order to enlarge your heart and let a great flood of light into your soul.

This was the teaching and practice of the Home, Orphanage and Industrial school by all who were connected with them, resulting in largely increased ability to extend relief and help to the sick and unfortunate around them. Men marveled as they saw the accumulations from this source alone. The object was not to save, to lay by, but to turn everything to the best account, "that they might have to give."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Bob in Kansas.

BOB having completed his studies, returned home, to find many changes had taken place. The saloon that had so often entrapped him, was gone. The revival fires had burned it out. Many of his old associates had found their place in the Church, and were laboring to build up the Kingdom. Brother Shrewd readjusted his business, conforming to Christian principles, and was devoting his time and money to push on the work of the Lord. Bob's good old mother, greatly relieved of care, was taking on the rich and glorious beauty of the autumn of life and quietly resting in hope of a blessed immortality.

The seeds of liberty that had been planted in the virgin soil of Kansas had taken deep root. Not content with having seen human slavery destroyed, her people were again rallying under the banner of Prohibition, and the Macedonian cry went out to the strong and brave of other states for help.

Brother Shrewd went down deep in his pockets for funds, while Bob hied himself away to the field of conflict to begin his life-work, with the single aim and

purpose to act well his part in the mighty drama now being played, with the Christian world for an audience.

Only a little company could be found, with very little means, to lead on in this bitter contest. Many of the rich, the strong, and influential were either silent or opposed; while the enemy was reinforced from every distillery, brewery, saloon, brothel, and gambling den, and the time-serving politicians in the land were marching in solid column to defeat the proposition.

Let it be understood that a very large number of those whose votes were cast on the right side of this question were unable to contribute a single dollar to help on in this battle for the Home. With these facts before them, the little company of men and women conscious of the righteousness of their cause, without purse or scrip in many cases, but with fiery eloquence, rekindled the fires of liberty until the entire state was ablaze. The Christian world looked on this scene as the contending armies met in deadly conflict, for all understood it either meant death to the infamous Liquor traffic or death to the last lingering hope of the drunkard; death to many a bright manly boy; death to Home and Heaven to thousands of immortal souls. But they simply looked on—little more. Yet when the battle was fought and the victory won, they rejoiced in the glorious culmination of that heroic struggle be-

tween God and humanity on one side, and alcohol, death and hell on the other.

Could you have seen Bob, with threadbare clothes, empty pockets, a stranger in a strange land, as he went from place to place organizing and speaking among the poor and lowly in "dugouts," cabins and outlying districts—you, if you are a true man, would have felt like taking off your hat in obsequence to a king or conqueror. Too manly to complain, devoid of a selfish thought or act, pushing others to the front to reap the glory due to himself, always ready to accept the hard places, and like his Master, "though he was rich, he for their sakes became poor, that they through his poverty and sacrifice might be rich."

Bob's father contributed large sums of money to help in this work, but it all went into the general fund, and in the distribution of this fund little ever found its way into Bob's pocket.

How sad it is, that so many grand men can be found that are ready to repeat the words of the disciples who said, "Master, we have left all and followed thee. What shall we have, therefore?"; and this class of men go forth to follow the saying of the old Scotch preacher—"If you don't toot your own horn, nobody else will toot it." Well, Bob did not toot his own horn, nor clamor for the loaves and fishes. The "Lo, I am with you

always" was true to His promise and was with Bob in all his toils, sufferings, and privations.

When the first part of the great battle had been won and the forces went into camp, the "horn-tooters" went to other fields to regale eager, listening ears with the story how "Me and my Betsy slaughtered the bar." When the time came to shock up the wheat of this grand harvest of truth, most of the reapers were reaping somewhere else.

It is not the purpose of these lines to cast a reflection on the work of a single man who fought in this battle, but, rather, to bring out the truth that men are so prone to follow paths of ease and pleasure they cannot be relied on in the great work of building up the Kingdom in any department, until they have been at the Cross and had "refining fire" burn away the dross of selfishness and sin.

While others who had done grand work were away in other fields, Bob "stayed by the stuff" and kept the fires burning brightly by his eloquence and fiery zeal until the legislature should enact such laws as were found necessary to enforce the will of the people as expressed in the constitutional amendment. To this work Bob came with the splendor of his intellect, polished and made brilliant by "refining fire," or truth in action, and became a valuable counselor.

The Liquor traffic was not asleep by any means. What they had lost in the election they now sought to gain by every means that the author of this diabolical system could invent. Set over against this, Bob was organizing forces, producing arguments, and toiling day and night, with his clothing still threadbare and his boarding house of the cheapest kind to correspond with his scanty purse.

Why should I tell you this shameful part of this grand history! Surely I would not, but to impress on my readers the sad fact that the world, and the Church as well, seems ever inclined to forget the men who stand in the front of the battle or shiver in the pitiless storm on the picket lines, and who are to-day and have been the grand *police force* of the Nation to protect our best interests and give us peaceful homes. Oh, Gratitude, where dost thou hide thy lovely face, when these battle-scarred warriors are neglected and forgotten!

In the early struggles of our fathers to establish this Republic, one said "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." On this truism, men have stood down the line of generations to guard the liberties and virtues of this free people. So it is with the people of the state of Kansas. And yet in the face of law, and despite of law, the enemy cried out with a demoniac yell "Prohibition won't prohibit!" and continually and openly

violated law in the very presence of men whom the people had elected to execute the law, with the oath of office fresh on their lips. Notably did this state of things exist in one of her principal cities, and to this place Bob was called to assist a few good souls to close the outlawed saloon.

In this city of wealth and culture were numerous churches filled with earnest worshipers zealous for God and His cause, and noted for their professions of sanctity whenever and wherever it could be manifested without interfering with their personal desires, appetites, and pocketbooks. On the other hand, when trade was to be affected, popularity endangered, or ease and pleasure interfered with, they quietly said "I pray thee have me excused." I have said they were cultured. So they were. They understood perfectly well the courtesies and amenities of life, and were pleased to use them as occasion required. To illustrate: for many years there had lived in their midst a man whose business (God save the term!) was to sell at wholesale all kinds of intoxicating liquors. It being no longer legal to continue this business in that city, he made preparations to remove to another city in an adjoining state. His cultured friends being aggrieved at the thought of losing so valuable a citizen, and desiring to express their appreciation of him as a public-spirited

man, and in hope that he might be induced to remain, addressed him the following letter of regret and condolence:

A REQUEST.

Mr. M.—Dear Sir: We, the undersigned citizens, having learned of your intended departure from amongst us, cannot permit this opportunity to pass without giving some expression of our appreciation of you as a public-spirited citizen, one in whom the poor and unfortunate have always found a friend, and all meritorious public measures an ardent and substantial supporter.

We recognize and appreciate your law-abiding conclusion, but deeply deplore the measures that so cruelly compel you to close your business, in which you have been so uniformly successful, respected and esteemed. We hope you may yet succeed in originating some scheme whereby you can occupy your time profitably enough to enable you to remain in this community.

But should you conclude to go, and we be *compelled to say farewell*, we will do so with the most profound feeling of regret. And wherever you may cast your lot in life's struggles you will carry with you our most earnest wishes for your success.

This letter was published in the Sunday morning edition of the leading journal in the city, whose editor was said to be an infidel, and commented on by the said editor as follows:

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

The card of regrets published in The —, Sunday morning edition, referring to the removal of Mr. — from —, is very complimentary to that gentleman, and in view of many of the names signed to the same cannot fail to be very gratifying to him. Among the signatures of those who assure Mr. — that they “deeply deplore the measures which so cruelly compel you to close your business, in which you have been so uniformly successful, respected and esteemed,” and who express the hope that he “may yet succeed in originating some scheme” whereby he can make it profitable to remain here, we find the names of Mr. — Capt. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, and others, all pronounced temperance men, and noted for their prominence in the church. It cannot fail to be gratifying, in the highest degree, to a gentleman who has always been engaged in the wholesale liquor business, to be thus publicly assured by so many prominent temperance men and Christian gentlemen, that they regret his removal from among us, and deplore the cruel measure (the prohibitory law) that compels him to go.

This letter of condolence was signed by a large number of the principal business men of the city—among them a Baptist deacon, a Presbyterian elder, and a Methodist class-leader. That there may be no mistake in my readers fully understanding the business of this gentleman who is so highly complimented and

esteemed, we give his advertisement that appeared in the journals of the city to which he had removed a few days later:

Lately removed to this city from Kansas, where he was established in the same line of business for twenty-six years; deals largely in the leading brands of Kentucky Sour and Sweet Mash Whiskies, Pennsylvania Rye, etc. He imports all kinds of foreign Liquors in cases and in bulk, including fine grades of Brandy, Gin, Irish and Scotch Whisky, Cordials, etc., also Rhein and French Wines, and all articles usually kept in a first-class house. Prices reasonable and quality guaranteed.

We have thus digressed from our story to show you some of the difficulties that stand in the way of reform, and the lengths to which even good Christian men sometimes go to save their business.

With these cultured Christian people Bob began his work in the very blaze and glory of the nineteenth century, with the freest people that ever lived on the globe. To be applauded for his noble work and feted as a mighty conqueror! Oh, no; by no manner of means. He was assaulted and beaten and cruelly treated by a *lawyer*, a *saloonkeeper* and a *bummer* in the very midst of these cultured Christian gentlemen that wrote the letter of condolence, with no one to protect him save members of the White Ribbon Army, who rallied around him amid the jeers and shouts of a

mob as hellish and determined as they who cried out
"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Poor Bob! was this your reward for all the days
and nights of weary toil to help secure this great
reform that was to be the rising of the star of Hope for
the slaves of drink throughout the land! Yes, this
placed your name with those who were "destitute,
afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not
worthy."

FROM DAWN TO DAYLIGHT.

BY BOB.

The Orient flames with the hues of the morning,

The demons of midnight are fleeing away;

And angels are flashing their brilliant adorning

Of crimson and gold o'er the portals of day.

A ray in the darkness,—sublime Prohibition,—

Is gleaming in hearts that were shrouded in night,

And marshalling armies are taking position,

Aroused to new faith by the heralds of light.

A million dim eyes that were heavy with sadness,

A million dark lashes still wet with their tears,

Are raised to the light with a glimmer of gladness,

As hope beams again through the mists of the years.

The wife who has wept in her desolate sorrow,

The orphan that grieved with his pitiful moan,

Each anxiously waiteth the dawn of the morrow

In faith that their God will not leave them alone.

In homes on whose hearth-stones, affection's last ember,
Faint flickers 'mid want and privation and shame,
A hope warms the hearts, that the winds of November
May fan it again into love's ruddy flame.

O! heart of the continent,—nations are hoping
Thine "*Astra per aspera*" shalt be attained;
'Twill cheer in the darkness, through which they are
groping,
To hear thy glad shout—"Prohibition is gained!"

Then, Kansas, may waves of oblivion drown thee,
The future erase thy stained name from her page,
If false to the promise, whose keeping would crown thee
The leader of nations, the hope of the age.

But never, thou first, in the struggle for freedom,
Shall faith in thy truth, turn to doubt and to pain;
Thy patriots again, when the rum-slave shall need them,
Will rise with their ballots, and strike off his chain.

Thou, Kansas, art throned in the proudest position
As centermost star, when our flag is unfurled;
O! send out the beam of thy glad Prohibition,
To shine like the sun, o'er the rum-darkened world.

That beam shall make truer, the dreams of the sages,
Whose prophecies picture the might of our land;
And thy glory shall live in the heart of the ages
Till wavelets of time, wash eternity's strand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Early Pioneer Days.

TO understand something of the spirit of the early settlers of the great state of Illinois, we should go back to the pioneer days, and study the lives and characters of these people. In doing this we shall only get a glimpse, at best, but that glimpse may help us to appreciate the blessings we now enjoy, and possibly reveal the responsibility that fell on us as one after another of these heroes joined the silent majority.

To conceive of a vast stretch of prairie covered with grass, swamps, and malaria; no roads, no schools, no churches; with only a handful of people following in the wake of the red man, having none of the inventions and appliances of the present day, with the one purpose of subduing the wilderness of difficulties; and that little more than a generation past, is perhaps more of a task than we are capable of doing. Only those whose lives date back far enough to remember the hand-loom, the spinning-wheel, the wooden mould-board plow, and the horse-mill, with scattered settlements on the borders of timber-skirted streams, can conceive of the days of

sacrifice, toil, and suffering, the pioneer endured to lay the foundation of the civilization of the present day.

Marvelous as it may appear, there are many now living who have witnessed, and had part in, all these things in the very center of the now third state in the grandest Nation on earth. To the young their stories of the log-cabin, "the hustins," the "parin'-bees," and other incidents and fashions of early life, are as fairy tales. However, our best view of these people is obtained when we look at the grand results that have so rapidly followed their patient and well-ordered labor.

From our standpoint it may appear very crude and of little value, but it was the laying deep and broad the foundations of a civilization that to-day shines out as a "city set on a hill." Let the history of the Nation tell of the wonderful advance and mighty achievements of her sons on the field, in the forum—everywhere were men of valor, men of courage, men of brain, men of moral and intellectual fitness to lead the hosts in the onward march of progress, that came from these heroic sires, from these log-cabins, from these rude prairie homes. Their fathers fought the Indians, hunted the deer, and blazed the way for the "millions yet to be."

You may say that little progress was made in those days as far as human eyes could see. That would appear to be true. But mark you well that their work,

and theirs alone, made it possible for the success that followed.

Let me tell you of a son of one of these pioneer farmers. Not content simply to learn to "read, write and cipher," he longed for an education that would prepare him for the part he was to act in empire-building. See him as he plods along in the fields, clad in homespun, barefooted, dreaming of the teeming millions that should dwell on these fertile plains, and their needs, as they press each other in the march of life. Who shall say that the spirit of a seer did not possess such boys as they looked out toward the future from their homes of poverty and toil, and planned and worked and prayed that the land might be made ready to receive them! This boy's thirst for knowledge was only gratified by great sacrifices of the good old father and mother who kept the home, cared for the herds and flocks, by which the money was provided to send him away to college.

We will pass by all these school-day preparations, and see him again on a little farm a few miles from a little village (now a beautiful city), where he toiled nights, mornings, and Saturdays to lengthen out a small salary, and that poorly paid, for his services as a professor and manager in a Western college, in an embryotic state, where he labored for success.

His beautiful wife, taken from an Eastern home where nothing had been denied her that wealth and love could give, was his Day Star to urge him on, as he hoped, almost against hope, to find at last, when he had driven the stakes deep and strong that were to hold the struggling institution through the years of indifference and trial, and bring it out at last as a monument that should stand while time endures in memory of the trials of this heroic boy and his co-workers.

The Professor's wife bravely endured and patiently suffered until the tender, delicate frame yielded to the burden, and with words of cheer went over with the angels to wait the meeting on the other shore. After years of continued privation and disappointment the Professor also laid down his life, and like the prophets "died without the sight."

However, the tree was planted, and its roots had laid hold on soil too stubborn to yield to misfortune, but rich and strong enough to produce an abundant harvest.

When the angels carried the Professor and his good wife to their home beyond the river, they left behind a frail little speck of humanity, too young and weak to know or care how the world was carried on. This little speck may have received a touch from the angel who carried away the mother, that put such sweetness into

her life that no one ever thought her a burden in the home of the good old grandmother that had so carefully trained and guided the feet of the Professor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mother, Home, Heaven.

“**M**OTHER, Home, Heaven,” are said to be the three sweetest words known on earth. We shall have to tell something about them in this chapter. It will only be a little glance we shall get. Our vision is too limited. To write the history of Mother’s influence in the home would be to tell the history of heaven, and when age after age in eternity has rolled away, this home history will be only commenced.

You may be interested in the story of one dear old mother who began homekeeping as the wife of a pioneer preacher in a “log-cabin” of the then “Far West.” We shall not attempt to describe all the scenes incident to this mother’s life—the trials, sufferings, and privations she endured as she toiled to bring up her family in the right way, much of the time alone with her helpless babes while her husband travelled the “circuit” of hundreds of miles in extent; of all the days of lonely separation, mingled with her heroic efforts to feed and clothe the family. No; we leave that part to the recording angel. It is enough to say that her life, her

history, is neither more nor less than the history of hundreds of other mothers who have done the same thing and suffered and endured in silence the hardships of such a life in order that the glad tidings of salvation might be proclaimed to the hardy pioneers who laid the foundations of this western empire.

We extol the work of the husbands of these women; we never tire of talking of their heroic exploits in swimming rivers and facing storms as they went from place to place laying the foundations broad and deep for the Christian Church on these grand prairies. Why should we! Were they not valiant men? Were they not the world's heroes? But for them and their work, Home and Country would have been meaningless terms to the millions who now dwell in this prosperous and happy valley. But what of the wives, the mothers—the "Hidden Ones"—who kept the home, fed, clothed, and educated the children, and poured their fervent prayers day and night into the ears of the Almighty that He would help her, help her children, help her husband, help her church, while the husband and father went forth to deliver the Gospel message to dying men! Of her, poets have never sung; of her, orators have failed in their eloquence; no monuments have been builded to her memory; sadly has she been neglected and forgotten. Yet she never complained.

Forgetful of self, she was content to be

“Little and unknown,

Loved and prized by God alone.”

This good mother reared a large family of children, trained them up in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord,” and sent them out to bless the world in a thousand ways. Weary and worn by excessive toil, she finds her place at last in the Home. How happy she was as she sat in her easy-chair and related some of the many incidents of her life, over and over again, to eager listening ears! How she rejoiced in the grace that saves under all conditions and circumstances of life! With Paul she could say, “I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith.” Her eye kindled with strange, unearthly light as she declared, “There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me in that day.” A crown! Yes. Was she not queenly in all her heroic life-work! Men may not have discovered it, but the Righteous Judge had taken note, and the “crown” and the “mansion” and the harp of gold were ready when the messenger came.

She was the first of all that company of saints to get her promotion. For weeks there had been indications that the Master would soon transplant that lovely flower in his own garden by the “river of life.” Many

old and valued friends with whom she had taken sweet counsel had called at the Home to take one more look at the dear old face, and to say farewell until greetings should be exchanged on the other shore. A few days before the final leave-taking the tabernacle of flesh gave way so suddenly that her friends thought the time of her departure was at hand. The watchers said she would never speak again. Her husband, weak and tremulous as he was, with his heart bursting with grief at the thought of even a few days of separation, began to sing

“ There we shall see his face
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.”

Before the verse was finished, this dear old saint joined in the singing with voice clear and strong. They sang on and on verses of familiar hymns they had often sung together, until the atmosphere was as the breath of Paradise. Like Alice Carey she could say—

“ Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;
Ye gates of death, give way!

“ My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

“The while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal ground.

“That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go:
I know that my Redeemer lives—
That I shall live I know.

“The palace walls I almost see
Where dwells my Lord and King.
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?”

For three days this triumphant victory continued.

Sabbath morning came, and with it the order for promotion signed by the King himself. It was a lovely morning in June. The balmy breeze came into the room fragrant with the breath of flowers. On one side of the saintly couch stood the weeping husband; on the other, her first-born whom she had trained for God, and who had for years been a missionary in India; but now at home for a little rest, and to take one last look and print one last kiss on that precious mother's lips—fortunate that he had come in time. Indeed, it was thought the King delayed the order out of tender love for the brave and heroic boy.

No word was spoken. The very ground was “holy ground.” Softer and softer the breath came and went,

when swiftly and suddenly the chariot descended, the angels tenderly lifted her in, and she went home,

“Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.”

How gladly would we have looked through the “pearly gates” as she entered, and witnessed the greetings of the great host of the “blood-washed” she had been instrumental in saving! We should like to have been at the coronation when the Master placed the crown on her head, for on it was written in letters of pearl “She hath done what she could.”

There was no funeral. Funeral dirges, funeral cars, crape and veils belong to those who die. God’s children never die. When their work is done they are transplanted to gardens of paradise. They never die.

True, there was the usual preparation of the casket that had contained the jewel; tender loving hands prepared it for the burial; and when the day came, it was carried once more into the chapel, which was filled with loving, sorrowing friends. The organ gave forth its sweetest music as the great congregation joined in singing,

“Hosanna to Jesus on high!

Another has entered her rest;

Another has ’scaped to the sky,

And lodged in Immanuel’s breast.

“The soul of our sister has gone
To heighten the triumphs above;
Exalted to Jesus’ throne,
And clasped in the arms of his love.”

The prayer was full of thanksgiving to God and faith and confidence in Him who “doeth all things well.”

The minister’s subject was “Song and sorrow.” Text, “And when they had sung a hymn they went out to the Mount of Olives.”

The sermon was one of peculiar sweetness and comfort, and no apology will be required if we give an outline in these pages.

“Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high.”

Mozart, when he had finished his famous requiem, called his daughter to play and sing, and died while she sang.

Hymns on the Mount of Olives; “Song and sorrow”; hymns of praise while walking to the garden of betrayal; songs of rejoicing and bloody sweat. How strangely discordant! There is no harmony between songs and sorrow in the estimation of men. The men of the world think rejoicing and death should never be

coupled together. How few worldlings ever sing on dying beds ! But Jesus sings on his way to Olivet, to the garden of sorrow, and the cross of shame.

And why not? The religion of Jesus in heaven and on earth is full of glory. Let us see. Angels sing in heaven and fill the arches of God's eternal temple with their alleluias. If a world is created, the morning stars shout together. When Jesus is born, the holy choir fill all the sky with songs of glory—"Glory to God in the highest." When a sinner repents, all heaven rejoices. No "*Laus Deo*," no "*Io Triumphe*," no "*Gloria in Excelsis*," ever reaches the swelling strains of the angelic hosts who cry with ceaseless voices "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory." And who shall say that these same angels who sang at the cradle of our Saviour—who even now rejoice over repenting sinners, do not always sing over the couch of the dying saint, and with music and melody convoy the happy soul away to everlasting bliss! The least we can say is that this is even more than probable. So have our poets sung—

“Pris’ner long detained below,
Pris’ner now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe—
Welcome to a land of rest.

“Thus the choir of angels sing
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.”

Not only angels sing, but Christians sing on earth and in heaven. The Church of God is a singing host.

Songs of rejoicing and triumph herald the coming presence of the redeemed. Indeed, it is foretold that the “Redeemed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.” Yes, friends; God’s people sing everywhere—sing until sorrow takes its flight and mourning flees for ever away. Living or dying, it is always rejoicing. “Dying, and yet we live; suffering loss of all things, and yet prospering; in all things poor, yet very rich; weak, yet strong; singing praises while we mourn.”

I shall offer no solution to this mighty paradox. But this one thing I do know: there is such divine power and such unutterable sweetness and consolation in the administration of God’s grace to the soul, that it overmasters, overcomes every other commotion, hushes the wildest internal storms, and enables the storm-riven heart to rejoice even while the bitter cup is at our lips.

Aye, friends. Put the child of God wherever you will, and he sings on still though all be dark and drear around him, above him. Still he sings. Hear him:

“These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me.
‘Tis I, be not afraid.’

“When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest where welcome thousands meet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet—
‘Tis I, be not afraid.’”

Ah, friends, who would not be a Christian! Load one of these children of God with care, furrow his cheek with the iron plowshare of sorrow, put him in adversity's furnace, drive the steel of reproach into his very soul, undermine his health, rob him of his subsistence, shiver his household idols in fragments, fill up the grave with the ashes of his loved ones—yea, bring him also to the last trial and struggle, and still he sings—sings despite of it all; sings songs of holy ecstasy, and fills many a dying chamber with the melody of praise. And more. There is no minor strain—no wail, no dirge, in these songs of God's troubled hosts.

The sons of Ishmael, the wild Bedouin, sings as plaintively as the desert winds. The pleasure-seeking worldling wails “I'm saddest while I sing.” But Jesus

teaches the children a better way—sets them a brighter example.

What, now, did Jesus sing in his hour of sorrow while yet the hand of him who betrayed him was in the dish! Was it a wail? Was it a dirge, such as the Suliote mothers sing just before their self-destruction—such as the Indian hunter sings? Nay, nay. It was the great Hillel or Hallelujah of Israel, composed of six Psalms*—a song of deliverance, a pæan of victory and glory.

Ancient victors sang returning from battle; Jesus sings before the battle; while yet the scourge, the thorn, the cross—all, all are before him, he sings his hymn of victory.

Early Christians were accustomed, when one of their number died, to sing songs of rejoicing at the burial. With them, death had no sting; grace had removed it forever. It was indeed a sweet release to die—a release from wandering and suffering.

These fugitives from persecution, wandering in dens and caves of the earth, eating the bread of poverty, clothed in skins, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy, they came down to death with songs of rejoicing at last. So should it be now.

I have little sympathy with a wretched, gloomy

*113th to 118th.

religion. It is not like Jesus. Jesus would not die without teaching us how to die—with songs on our lips as we go on to cross the bridge of crumbling arches. And from that day to this God's children have been dying with songs on their lips and with floods of dazzling sunlight on their lifted faces.

And still more. God's other dear ones, left behind in the mourner's seat, have sung their choking sorrows down, and, with one of old, in sweetest melody cried "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

And so shall it ever be while time shall last. God brings believers home in triumph. Though the way be dark and the storm be dreary, "yet shall they come to Zion with singing, and sorrow and sighing shall flee forever away."

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is run,
And thou art crowned at last.

"In condescending love
Thy ceaseless prayer He heard,
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

"Oh, happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face."

NOTE.—Preached by Rev. G. S. Alexander at Lincoln, Nebraska.

CHAPTER XXX.

Bob at the Industrial School.

BOB, having completed his work in Kansas, was called by Elder Love to the Superintendency of the Agricultural Department of the Industrial School that was now being established at Grove Park. This great estate, to which we have referred as the former home of one of the early pioneers who did his full share of work in foundation building before the Master called him, containing several thousand acres, was now laid out in experimental farms, in such a manner as to furnish thorough, practical instruction in all departments of diversified farming, including agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, pisciculture, dairying and the apiary.

Added to this, shops were built, machinery put in, and fitted up, so that all kinds of mechanical industry could be carried on under the eye of capable men, giving every boy a complete practical education preparing him for independence and usefulness in after-life.

Bob's training on the farm, his splendid physique, with the polish and finish obtained at college, admirably

fitted him to take charge of this department. Slowly the work began and moved steadily forward, gaining strength and power as weeks and months rolled by.

Of this additional enterprise inaugurated by the Elder and his associates, little had been said and little was known outside of the country contiguous to it. Time was necessary to develop the raw material that came from the country round about in every conceivable shape.

To bring this school into easy reach of the public, it was necessary to build a short line of railroad, which was completed as the time for the first commencement drew near.

Bob had worked with untiring energy to get everything in his department in shape, and how well he succeeded, the crops, gardens, fruits, and flowers, together with the glad, happy, even proud faces of the boys under his care, abundantly testified. Bob had always been a leader of rare ability, but here he displayed his power in larger measure than ever before. The boys looked on him as victorious soldiers do their general. When on duty they were strictly obedient to all his commands. Off duty, he was one of them, in their innocent sports.

When commencement day arrived the people in the country for miles around resolved to pay a visit to the

school. Some went, being much interested, some out of curiosity, while not a few old farmers went to see and criticise "Book farmin'," as they called it. They supposed that to be educated in the schools would unfit a man for a successful farmer, and to work only eight hours per day in the fields was the high-road to bankruptcy. But when they saw for themselves what systematic work would do when intelligently applied to the farm, as well as mechanical arts, they opened their eyes and started new thoughts.

The school was managed with time divided into three parts—eight hours for labor, eight hours for recreation, mind and heart culture, and eight hours for sleep. It need only be added that this plan was a marked success.

Pearl, who happened to be resting at the home of the Elder for a few days, went to the commencement—in fact, she was to make an address to the boys on that occasion, and it was here that Bob first met her. They were not entirely unacquainted, for they were each conversant with the work of the other.

Of course the reader surmises they fell in love at first sight, but in that you are mistaken. They were so absorbed in the work of life, they had no time, even had they been so impressed. Bob with his great class of boys, teaching them the principles of scientific agri-

culture in the books, and the practical lesson in the field; Pearl, looking down the line of generations yet to be, sought to lead the young men and maidens to stand on a high plane, in moral and Christian culture, with aspirations to lift the world from the slums of vice and sin. Each pressed on in their work, each with a single purpose.

CHAPTER XXXI

Endowment Plan Criticised.

“**S**UFFICIENT unto the day is the evil thereof.” Many were the criticisms passed on the Elder’s plan of endowment for the Home, Orphanage, and other institutions. It was well known that he was decidedly opposed to laying aside the Lord’s money for future use when there was so much present need. He believed that the command to “lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth” applied to churches, colleges, and other benevolent institutions as well as to individuals, and was as binding on all, as any other command of the Lord Jesus. It is one of the mysteries, that men professing godliness should lay so much stress on questions of “baptism,” “The Lord’s Supper,” “feet-washing,” etc., etc., and utterly ignore this command, the rejection of which is so fruitful of avarice, selfishness, worldly-mindedness, and many other evils that sap the sources of all spiritual life. And yet they do this very thing, and teach others to do so, from the cradle to the grave, either by precept or example, or both.

Vast sums are gathered from rich and poor alike

and loaned on the principles that govern in worldly transactions, using only the interest for the Lord's work, while the principal is left for treasurers and trust companies, to oppress the poor by their speculations or steal outright.

Against this system the Elder set his face as a flint, believing that under the guidance of the Divine hand there would be sufficient funds from year to year, and from generation to generation, to carry on the Lord's work if men would be true to Him.

With these pronounced views many good souls took issue with the Elder, and declared him inconsistent in his plan of endowment. It was difficult for them to understand the difference between so arranging the affairs of the Home as to make hundreds of happy homes for men who were unable to buy them, and thus make each occupant of Homeland a part and parcel of the institution, and loaning large sums of money to be risked in speculations.

There must be a wide difference in so investing one thousand dollars, that a poor man could have a good home and a chance to earn an independent living by paying a small per cent. of his earnings annually, who but for such help would be compelled to live in some crowded tenement, surrounded by vice and ignorance, and the loaning of that same thousand dollars to a man

who might purchase a race-horse or visit the gaming table or saloon and squander it, even though he did give a cut-throat mortgage on his home to secure the payment, which might have to be foreclosed, and turn his broken-hearted wife and innocent children out of doors after the race-horse, and the saloon debauch, had sent the husband and father to an untimely grave.

The Christian world would be astonished to-day could they be made to see how much of their hard-earned money found its way into the hands of men who used it to build up the kingdom of Satan. Yea, how much they sought to lay by with loving hands for their children, was made the instrument to ruin these same precious children.

The Bible texts, "in honor preferring one another"; "lend, not expecting to receive again"; and many others, when applied to our daily intercourse with our brethren are meaningless phrases.

To illustrate this, let me tell you a story of a company of men who claimed to be the spiritual descendants of him who said "what he saved he lost" and "what he gave he had." They were consulting relative to the duties devolving upon them as representatives of the Church in a prosperous village in a rich part of the "garden spot" of America. On that church-roll there was the name of a man who had been

sick for months—consumption had marked him as a victim. He and several small children were dependent for their daily bread on the earnings of the wife and mother at the wash-tub. At this meeting it was stated that a small sum was due for rent of the house this poor afflicted family occupied, and unless paid soon they would be turned into the streets. The usual action was taken, after much discussion, and a *committee appointed*.

Results: The man soon had to move; and in order to get another house a month's rent must be paid in advance, which amount was kindly loaned them by one of these same good brethren, and the poor man's wife repaid it again by washing.

The committee never reported, and the only contribution this poor man received came from two men not members of that church organization.

From such men as these came these unfriendly criticisms referred to; but Elder Love kept on in his way, never investing a dollar of the Lord's money under his control unless he felt assured some other man of God would be helped thereby.

"The world will love its own and them only." Therefore the true Church of God must and will bestow its love, affection, and help on the "children of light," and thus prove the inherent power of that love

that never stops to consider self when it sees a brother in need.

“Whoso loveth not his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom he hath not seen”?

CHAPTER XXXII.

Pearl and Her Work.

PEARL found her place in the dear old home, and nestled away as naturally under the protecting wing of the grandmother as one born there. Inheriting the rare talents of her gifted father and mother, with the advantage of Christian culture, refined by divine grace, she became a leader in every circle in which she moved.

This old home where Pearl lived was one of the social centers society formed during the early days when the neighbors regularly met to talk of their crops, discuss politics, tell their religious experience and the general news of the day, with an occasional bit of gossip. Whatever might have been the character of other social centers, this one was on the high order of Christianity, mental and moral improvement, and reform. Around the fireside, slavery, intemperance, and all other public sins were discussed, and in the hearts of the dwellers at this home Prohibition laws were passed, and strictly enforced, by the sweet old puritanic grand-

mother, long after the husband and father had joined the blood-washed around the throne.

Such were the influences and surroundings under which Pearl grew to womanhood, just at the time when women stepped out on the field of action declaring for "God and Home and Native Land."

Pearl, rich in natural endowments, rich in inherited talent, rich in mental attainments, and rich in love for the poor and unfortunate, could not be expected to remain idle. But what could she do! Only a woman, inexperienced, an orphan, and the dear old grandmother on whom she had so fondly leaned now too much enfeebled with age to longer guide her feet, without money or influential friends, she ponders, waits, prays, and hesitates.

Many young men sought her hand in marriage, but her ideal was too high; she had been trained in a school that demanded purity for purity, honor for honor, intelligence for intelligence, and affection for affection. Without intending to cast any reflection on the young men of to-day, it is astonishing how few there are, comparatively, who come up to this ideal. Society has made a different standard for young men than for young women.

It matters little in the general estimation to say a young man is "wild," "reckless," "fast," etc., etc.;

but say the same of a young woman, and you stain her reputation forever.

The circle in which Pearl moved was of more than ordinary standing because of the high moral ground they maintained and questions discussed, so that the principles of reform were interwoven in her very being. To associate with a gentleman and receive attentions when he was wont to even occasionally visit a *saloon*, use *profane* or *vulgar language*, was revolting in the extreme to her. Her standard of life was higher than marrying a "home" to keep from being called an "old maid." Some called her "proud," "high-toned," and many other names in derision for her strong position; but in their hearts they were compelled to admit that she was right, and the sentiment began to take root and grow in the minds and hearts of many other pure sweet girls who came under Pearl's influence. This being the case, the next or natural thing to do was to organize a society.

However much the American people may disagree on many things, they unanimously agree to organize everything on all lines everywhere—organize, organize, organize. Through concentration of effort in this way we have our power.

Pearl and her associates organized the Young People's Society of America for mutual help and pro-

tection in morals, purity, and intelligence, with this pledge:

"In the name and by the help of our Divine Master, we pledge ourselves to purity in word, thought, and action, in all our relations in life, and henceforth we will demand of our associates purity for purity, honor for honor, intelligence for intelligence, and for this end we will both labor and wait."

When this little organization gave its banner to the breeze of public opinion, like everything else it was criticised, laughed at, ridiculed, and prophesied of; but it grew, and careful, loving mothers became its strongest allies.

To move and associate with the best people, young men were made to understand that the sowing of "wild oats" was forbidden. The doctrine was taught that a place or an act that was improper for a young lady was equally so for a young man; and for the young man to secure recognition by this society (that was working with might and main to reach the great mass of young people) one must be pure of speech, pure of act, and seeking to do what they could both by precept and example to elevate and mould society on this high grade.

This reform, as others, met with obstacles, and had to record many failures in its plans of operation, but it

did lift up the standard and let in a great flood of light on our social system, that once revealed was not easily forgotten.

Calls came from every quarter for advice and help to organize societies, to which Pearl responded. She had now found her place, and if ever she had any fear of dying a sour, disappointed old maid, these fears never came to the surface. She was absorbed in the one desire to see every young man and woman in the land taking a decided stand on the right side of this question.

To this grand work Pearl devoted all her time and energy, and soon had cause for great rejoicing in seeing societies forming everywhere, influencing the young men and women and lifting the standard higher by far than ever attained before.

This proved to be only an open door to usefulness. Many came whose lives had already the stain of sin upon them, pleading, beseeching for help; and this organization, being above reproach, dared to reach out the hand of loving, helpful sympathy. The wild-oat crop was discouraged, and the young people were led to take the advice of Paul:

“Whatsoever things are pure;
Whatsoever things are honest;
Whatsoever things are lovely;
Think on these things.”

Elder Love was deeply interested in Pearl's work, and to him she often went for advice and help, finding him always ready with a sympathizing hand to supply money to carry on the work.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Woman Suffrage—How Secured.

THE influence of the Home in the city was telling for good on all classes of society. There was so much of an elevating, inspiring nature in the surroundings; the voice of song and praise was daily heard, while the glad, happy faces of the people someway impressed you that heaven and earth had been brought very near together, and the Church militant was developing a strong and mighty power in all the regions round about.

The city enlarged greatly as it became a safe and favored spot for men to live and train their children. The saloon had gone to more congenial climes, while in their place churches, schools, colleges, and all the elements of cultured Christian society sprang up and grew and flourished. The more the people saw and learned, the better pleased they were with such a state of things.

“Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.”

Among those who came was a plain, middle-aged woman whose face bore the marks of deep pain and

suffering; her hair was almost *entirely white*; she was talented, educated, had a strong will; capable, earnest, self-reliant, as to her character—well, she was a “prison bird”; she had paid the penalty of outraged law by doing kitchen-work in state’s prison.

Suppose I tell you her story. We will go back to the far East near Boston. You perhaps have heard of that place. It is where men threw some tea overboard a long time ago. Near that historic spot this woman was born. She was a descendant of one of the best families that came from the Old World to find a home in the New. When she grew up, her parents gave her all the advantages of education and culture available in that favored place. As many other girls have done, she became acquainted with a young man who promptly fell in love with her; and as there could be no lawful objections, in due course of time they married.

This young man was also a descendant of a noble family who traced back in regular succession to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. His father was a deacon in one of the popular churches in the city, who made his fortune by loaning money on western mortgages and acting as agent for a Peoria distillery. He gave liberally to send the gospel to the heathen in Africa or some other place. So it came to pass when the church had collected money enough and found the

missionary and put him aboard the good ship, the Deacon was sure to be there with ballast in the shape of whisky made from western corn that had been sold at a low price to pay the interest on the mortgage the Deacon held on the land.

I confess it did look a little mixed to see one of the children of a King collecting usury and sending out bad whisky to help the missionary Christianize the heathen.

The good Deacon prospered in his way, and when his conscience troubled him, as it did sometimes, he doubled his contributions, and the minister, thinking he saw signs of reform, softened his words and smoothed his tongue so that things never came to a serious climax. However, John—for that was the boy's name—formed rather a poor opinion of a religion that could ruthlessly foreclose a mortgage and turn a sick man and a helpless family out of doors, even if some of the profits did go into the church treasury as "hush money." Someway it did not impress him much when the Deacon warned him against an occasional visit to the cellar where the liquor was stored waiting for the missionary ship to sail.

John, when he married, continued in his old way of doing nothing. Why should he work! There was an hundred sturdy farmer-boys plowing, planting, reaping,

and saving to pay the interest on the Deacon's mortgage—why should John work? Besides, he had now become so accustomed to visit the cellar that it would seriously interfere with business should he embark in it.

His wife, beautiful, accomplished—did I say his wife? I mean his *servant*; the minister said wife, but that was simply form, nothing more. However, they might have been happy, very; they had good kind neighbors, plenty of money, while all around them were opportunities for doing good by “lifting up the hands that hang down and to strengthen the feeble knees.” The good wife did try as far as she could. She went to church, Sunday-school, and even to prayer-meeting. But John went to the cellar, and every other place where fancy or fashion dictated.

As years rolled on there came into that home three lovely children of whom the Master had said “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” The mother dedicated them to God, watched over them tenderly as only a mother can do; but John kept going to the cellar, and almost every other downward road found him walking more or less therein.

The old Deacon died; the church bell tolled; the minister discoursed on the “mysteries of Providence,” and the grave closed over the mortal remains. The

lawyers settled the estate and John spent the money as fast as he could, going down lower and lower every year. The sunshine had all gone out of that home. The demon drink had possession, and now but little was left for that wife and mother save to shelter her precious babes as best she could and lean on God for strength for her day and trial.

Things went from bad to worse until at last John in a wild drunken frenzy attempted to crush the little baby boy, and to save him the mother struck the awful blow that left the once loving, promising husband but now poor ruined man dead at her feet. Did I say dead! Yes, dead. Roused by all the power of mother love she hurled the missile at him with so much fury that he died at her feet.

So the lords of creation met together and decided that the majesty of the law must be maintained. This mother was arrested, put in prison, tried by a jury "not of her peers," and sent to prison for one long year, and her helpless babes were taken to the poorhouse.

It happened well—did anything ever happen? or was this a link in the chain of God's loving providence and care over His children?—that Elder Love was looking through this very poorhouse where these unfortunate children of this gifted mother were taken. Contrasted with the Orphanage that had been estab-

lished at his home, it was a sad place indeed. Here he found these precious children clothed in rags, covered with filth, and herding with squalor and vice of every shade and character, and that, too, almost under the shadow of fashionable churches surrounded by wealth of vast proportions.

He was not long in arranging to take these children with him, having learned their sad history.

A few days later found them in the midst of a happy group under the care of motherly Christian women and sheltered from the many storms incident to that "poor-house over the hill."

When at last the prison doors opened to let this poor mother out, she hastened to the West to again join her loved ones. But from the beautiful mother of a few months before she was aged and her *hair was white*; the awful agony, the humiliation and wrong endured had done its utmost on a once gifted Christian woman.

Now that she was free and relieved from the constant care of her children, her soul was roused by the infamy and wrong heaped upon the motherhood of this Nation in fostering a traffic that would transform a kind, loving husband into a demon, and then punish a Christian mother for defending her offspring against the assaults of the drink maniac.

This mother went from door to door telling her

pitiful and awful story. She told it on the street-corner, in the church, on the rostrum—everywhere, with such power and pathos that the whole city was moved.

When the heart of this great free American people has once been reached, oppression and wrong must and will give way.

Societies were formed, rights discussed, and plans formed for future action.

Election day drew near. A President was to be chosen. All parties were eager, anxious that their favorite should win in the race. Politicians looked doubtful as they attempted to measure an unknown quantity which to every one was apparent around the Home. Since the saloon was gone men were not for sale. They lived in an atmosphere too pure for the average politician to fathom or understand.

When at last the day came, the women claimed their rights as citizens of the Republic and proposed to exercise them. They marched to the polls and no man in the light of the new day that had dawned on that Christian city dared to say nay. Their ballots went into the box and were counted. Ten thousand wives and daughters had burst the bands of political slavery, and the world looked on amazed.

What of it? you ask.

Let me tell you.

These ten thousand votes decided the State, and the State decided the Nation. The people were aroused as never before. If the ballots were counted, one party won, and justice and right obtained; if they were thrown out, another party won. Hence the people became suddenly interested. Men who never took time to think, now began to examine the question, and light came pouring in from every quarter. Like Moses, the side that the women were on had "respect to the recompense of reward," and of course favored the counting from policy if nothing more. The opposite party was weakened because all the better elements were led to see the wrong that had been going on since the formation of the Government in demanding allegiance to a form of Government of a class equally intelligent, patriotic, influential, and loyal as the men, and then denying them the fullest rights of citizenship.

To the courts! To the courts! the cry went up, and to the courts the question was carried and argued by the best talent in the land, and it was decided that under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments their right to vote was guaranteed. And so it came to pass that the women of these United States were declared citizens.

In these amendments our fathers builded better than they knew:

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.*

It has been generally asserted by those whose standing in society would seem to give them the right to know, that women had no right under the Constitution of the United States, or any State Constitution, to cast a vote at any election. Such formerly were my views on this subject, but I am free to confess that I was wholly mistaken, for this view has no foundation on which to rest; but I find that the Constitution of the United States, as amended by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, which are embodied into the Constitution as part of that Constitution, does give them the right to vote and forbids any state to deny to them this right.

The old foggy may ask for my authority for this assertion. I stand ready to give the highest authority known in these United States, the Constitution itself; my authority will be found in the fourteenth and fifteenth articles of the amendment.

I know that it has been understood by some that the Constitution did not confer upon women the right to vote. If it did not, then the Constitution, failing to be plain on that point, has been amended to make plain what before had been of a doubtful nature, and fully gives them the right and forbids any state from denying to them that sacred right.

Does the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of

*NOTE.—We offer no apology for inserting this article as it embodies the views of the author to the fullest extent.

the United States confer the right of suffrage on women? Turn to it, read it; lay your old opinions aside. What does it say?

SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and the State where they reside.

SEC. 2. Representatives shall be appointed among the several states, according to their numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed.

Here, in this Article 14, Section 1, we have the term of "persons" (without any definition attached) declared to be citizens, and in Section 2 it says the "whole number of persons in each state," (not male citizens).

The inhabitants of the United States are divided into two classes, citizens and aliens.

Now, if persons are not citizens vested with the right to vote, they must come under the class of aliens, subjects of another country or government, making no part of our government.

Those men with their preconceived opinions may cavil at the term "persons" who are declared to be citizens, and say I have put a wrong construction upon the word. When I say citizen, I only say what the amendment says, nothing more.

Here let me cite you to another high authority for the definition of person, Webster, and who says he gives a wrong definition to the word person? He says it means "a living human being, man, woman or child." Is he

mistaken? Then why take him as the highest authority in such matters?

Can there be any doubt as to what the amendment means when it says a person born in the United States is a citizen, and no citizen shall be denied the right to vote.

The Constitution as amended settles the question as to woman suffrage.

Now, Mr. Fogy, do you not in accordance with your preconceived opinions brand your wife, daughters, and all your female relatives, aliens!

You say none but male citizens have a right to vote. Show me your authority on which you base your opinion. I know of none.

Now read the fifteenth article:

"The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state."

Shall I call myself a man, a citizen of this greatest country upon the face of the earth, and hold the infamous doctrine that my wife, daughters and female relatives have no existence as persons, or citizens, of that country, but are aliens!

C. F. POTTS.

GALENA, ILL., Oct. 13, 1887.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Bob and Pearl.

THE lives of these two souls, Bob and Pearl, drifted wide apart, Pearl going from state to state with burning truth opening and developing the organization which now numbered thousands of the brightest youth in the land, having the moral and financial support of the best citizens. As this work progressed, the people were astonished at the disclosures where many went down when a friendly hand stretched out at the critical point of life, would have turned their steps heavenward.

How long will the Christian people of this favored land be content to leave their precious children drift with the tide in associations that tend to vileness, and have their lives corrupted before even their most intimate friends can discover it!

Long years ago, one said "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Good advice, be it ever so good, is not sufficient. Good examples at home will not do it. Good Sabbath-schools will not do it. Good and grand as these influences are, they will fail as long as the loose and vicious who possess money or have

influential friends, are regarded as good members of society, as they are to-day. I would not teach the doctrine of exclusiveness or a separation from sinners in our daily intercourse with men; to follow the example of the Master we must needs mingle with them; but we must lift up a standard of purity so high, that the vulgar, the profane, the dram-drinker, the "respectable" gambler, the patron of the lottery, wheels of fortune, race course, and a thousand other things could not, dare not, come into the inner circles of purity, innocence and love, to soil and mar the beauty of young womanhood and young manhood, even if he be the son of a millionaire, a senator, or a minister of the gospel. We should have a law in every household that would prohibit such from ever crossing the threshold as an associate, acquaintance, or friend.

Success crowned Pearl's efforts everywhere. The seed sown bore early and precious fruit. A milestone in the world's progress was planted that would never be rooted up.

Bob gave his time and energy to the practical training of the boys, in the fields, gardens, and orchards, in summer, and the mills and shops in winter, in connection with their studies — one half the day for mental and the other half for physical training. The sons of poor men had equal chance with the rich. The

managers carefully studied the talent and inclination of these boys and sought to develop their talents in whatever way they naturally inclined.

Economy was an important lesson, and with that end in view, effort was made to have the products of the farm, shops and mills pay the running expenses. No penurious, niggardly means were employed to accomplish this, but a wise, systematic method that could make the most of everything, and thereby enlarge the field of usefulness.

Do not understand that this school is held up as a model against the many excellent institutions that can be found in all parts of the land; but a school for poor friendless boys who otherwise would plod on in an aimless life or drift to the lawless criminal class. The object was to take this class of boys and by careful training fit them for any position in this great busy world where knowledge and skill are required.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Storm.

“**H**OW long, O Lord, how long”!

The storm that had been gathering for years was constantly assuming more terrific proportions. The unrest and disquiet became more marked than ever before in the world's history. From every clime the same cry of distress and want came from the homes of the toilers—wages reduced, mills shut down, combines, trusts and syndicates of every shade and character possessed themselves of land, coal, wood, iron, lumber, bread, meat, clothing, transportation—in fact, everything of value needed in the home was in the grip of the iron hand, until a man could neither live nor die without paying tribute to some combination of men already in a condition to say, “What shall I do? I have much goods laid up for many years.”

Is it strange that under such a state of things the poor discouraged man whose labor for years has contributed to the creation of this wealth, barring the small amount he was permitted to have to sustain him,—that he should become dissatisfied and restless! And do

you wonder, with the saloon-trap spread all around them, that these sons of toil would drink? And if they drink, that they should become drunkards? And is it strange that the children of these men should grow up in ignorance and vice, when all that is manly and noble in them has been crushed and ruined by drink—when homes have been robbed, virtue despoiled, honor sold, and every moral element prostituted in order that avarice and greed may be satisfied!

Do you wonder that the church with its frescoed walls, its grand music, its fashionable pew-holders—with all the modern paraphernalia thereunto belonging, fails to win the great mass of men and lead them to Christ!

“Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you!”

When the men who plow the fields, harvest the crops, delve in the mines, toil in the mills, fell the forests, build the long lines of railroads and the magnificent cities, while the wife and mother and little ones are in many cases denied the necessities of life that the rich who sit in the costly pews may grow richer, is it strange that these very men should lose confidence in Christianity and turn to the saloon which has been permitted and legalized by the vote of pastor and people of these same magnificent churches!

These men and women know all this while they toil,

and you might as well "shoot straws at a cyclone" as to expect that your gilded towers, your enchanting music, and your fashionable sermons will win them. Never! The saloon will, and does.

Here, then, the trouble begins. No, not there in the saloon, but back—back—back in the elastic conscience and the blind indifference of the people of God in permitting this saloon system to debauch, brutalize and ruin the bone and sinew of the country, that taxes may be lessened, streets paved, party schemes advanced, and greed be satisfied. There, the trouble began; and upon the men who *could*, and *would not*, rests the awful responsibility. The Nation had sown the wind and must reap the whirlwind. The very air was filled with sulphurous smoke which was the precursor of the coming storm. More than two thousand millions of blood-money had found its way into the National, State and Municipal treasuries. To collect this, thousands of precious lives had gone down in bitter anguish to untimely and dishonored graves.

And still the work went on. There was no time to take up the saloon question, it "might hurt our party" or "my church."

But God heard that long agonizing cry—"How long, O Lord, how long!" as it came up from broken-hearted wives and mothers, from starving children, and

even from "those who had been drawn unto death" by the drink habit. The blood of the slain cried from the ground and He heard. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The saloon crop had grown in all the large cities to gigantic proportions. Poverty, discouragement, loss of manhood, consciousness of wrong, stalked abroad, ready to become the tools of wicked, designing men. The ruler, the bigot, the oppressor, the formal fashionable Christian, like Nero reveled while the storm-cloud gathered. Cyclonic in its character, there was the lull, the calm before the storm.

The funnel-shaped cloud bore down on the centres of population. It was significant that the clouds were funnel-shaped as though the Almighty God was concentrating His wrath where this deep-dyed iniquity was hatched and fostered. On and on the cyclone came; and when the cup of iniquity was full, it burst, and as if by one mighty, awful blow our magnificent cities, with all their grandeur and glory, were swept away. The bomb, the fire and the sword completed the deadly work, and the wealth of centuries went up in smoke.

The movement was a preconcerted one from the North to the South, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At the same hour the trap was sprung, and riot, rapine, plunder and lawlessness reigned supreme. Men, women

and children escaped the devouring flame to be cut down in the streets. The authorities were powerless, and in many cities the tools of the mob.

You ask, Could not all this have been prevented? No! a thousand times No! God had warned, plead, entreated; manhood, motherhood, childhood, had all plead, and plead in vain; and now the vials of His wrath were to be poured out until the Nation should learn righteousness and that "Sin is a reproach to any people."

Many believed that a Nation so enlightened as we were, with such vast resources, could always protect itself against such devastation and ruin; but they were mistaken. We had too much light; we had too much power; we were too highly favored; consequently our downfall was greater, our punishment more severe.

We were the bright and the morning star in all the constellation of Nations; and yet, according to the light we had, we reveled in more political slums, ecclesiastical "cold storage," and dignified indifference to the weal or woe of humanity, than any people under the sun.

The heathen Chinese Emperor refuses to receive a revenue from the vices of his people; but we would, and glory in it.

This destruction was the most natural thing in the world. We had kept the school of anarchy on a per-

petual term and had turned out its products by thousands. The school of poverty had run day and night, and there came forth a miserable, reckless, motley crew as graduates: while political parties were ready to put LL.D. to the name of every *foreign pauper* who would vote with "our party"; so from the university corruption-fund to the primary "doggerly" each and all contributed their full share of combustible material to feed the flames of death and ruin.

The great cities were swept away, and for every dollar obtained by taxation and license of the liquor traffic, it was repaid in treasure a thousand fold.

For every heart-ache, groan, and tear, and for every drop of blood shed on account of the infamous business, it was paid again in tears and anguish a thousand fold.

One thing was particularly noticeable: when lawlessness and anarchy reigned in the cities and loud calls were made for help from the country homes, the response was weak and feeble. The farmer boys that rushed to the front when the old flag was assailed, with so much patriotism and zeal, were not so ready now to take up the fight.

"John," said a sturdy farmer, as he leaned over the fence and talked with his neighbor, "the Governor, I hear, has called for troops to go down to Chicago to suppress the riots there."

"Is that so!" replied the neighbor. "What's wrong in Chicago?"

"What's wrong! Is it possible you have not heard the news—how the Anarchists, bummers, and thieves have blown up and burned the city? The very Devil has been let loose and the city is said to be in ruins. Millions on millions of dollars' worth of property have been destroyed, and no one knows the number of lives lost, and you have not heard of it!"

"Well, you see," said neighbor Brown, "my family have all been sick, and I have hardly been out of the house for a week; besides, corn has been so low and taxes so high I cannot afford to take a paper; so I am not posted about anything.

"In fact, I don't seem to care much how things go. I have worked long and hard and kept up my courage in hope our 'grand old party' would do something to relieve the country and make times better. But they don't. And I have about made up my mind to let them fight their own battles. Besides, these riots are the natural results of the saloon, and the towns and cities have disfranchised us. We are not allowed to say a word whether they shall be or not."

"Let the dead bury their dead."

At this moment a man was seen in the distance riding in great haste, as though something terrible was

coming. When he came up, he stopped long enough to tell of the general uprising of the lawless elements in New York, Boston, and in fact all the principal cities on the continent. Fire, destruction, rapine, murder, with all its horrible consequences were spreading everywhere, and the authorities powerless to prevent it, with loud calls for the country districts to come forward and save them.

Of course you think they went, but in this you are sadly mistaken. They had been fleeced too often by the saloon bummers while the police winked at it, and *good pious souls said their prayers, "sanded their sugar,"* and voted for the saloon to keep their own taxes down, while the farmer raised the corn and wheat to make money to pay expenses in taking care of the effects of the saloon.

No, they did not go.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Elder Love and the Church at Enterprise.

WHEN it was noised abroad that Elder Love was using his great wealth for the furtherance of every good cause that had for its object the bettering of humanity, calls for help came from all quarters, in aid of all manner of schemes.

One beautiful morning a stranger rang the door-bell and inquired for Elder Love. He was tall and slender, dressed in the height of fashion, from the nobby hat to the patent-leather boots, gold eye-glasses and soft kid gloves.

The Elder was at this particular hour engaged in assisting his men with some work in the garden. Coming in, in a few minutes, covered with dust and sweat, the stranger introduced himself as the Rev. Dr. Lofty, pastor of the "Church of Christ" in the city of Enterprise.

The Elder received him kindly and sat down to listen to his story.

"My dear brother," said he, "we have heard so much of your noble heart and benevolent spirit in aid

of every good cause, I have come, at the request of 'my church,' to give you an account of our condition and solicit your aid in a time of pressing need, assuring you that you could not do a more worthy deed than to come forward and help us out of our difficulties.

"The fact is, 'my church' is heavily mortgaged, and the holder has threatened to foreclose unless at least half the money is paid soon. Besides, Dr. Style, of the Christian Church, is waiting to buy, the moment we are forced to sell. He told one of my members, only a few days ago, that they could afford to wait for a new church until mine was sold, as it would not bring more than half its cost. You can easily see the selfish spirit of Dr. Style.

"The history of 'my church' is a peculiar one. It is really the oldest church in the city, and was originally located down town: but in the old location shops and manufactories got so numerous, drawing so many poor people, and the saloons came so fast, as they clamored for the trade of the workingmen, it was decided to sell out and move to more fashionable quarters.

"Dr. Earnest was pastor then, and I am told he bitterly opposed the sale, pleading with them to hold their ground and try to save the multitude that crowded around them. I think, from what I have heard, he

would have succeeded but for the fact that the great brewing company of Hogg & Co. was compelled to have more ground to enlarge their growing business. Under these circumstances some of our shrewd business men thought we had better take advantage of their necessities and compel them to pay a round price for it, which they did.

"So the old church property was sold, the building torn down, and another brewery erected thereon.

"Dr. Earnest and a few old 'fogies' grieved very much when this was done, but business demanded the change and the church must yield to business, 'you know.' We made them pay us two hundred thousand for the property.

"Dr. Earnest soon resigned the charge, and I was called to be their pastor. I have been there five years, struggling with this debt, and unless I can get help soon I shall surely consider my work there is done. I almost feel that way now. Only a few days ago I had a call from another church, in the city of Prosperity, with an advance in salary of a 'cool' thousand.

"The Lord seems to be calling to other fields, but I do so dislike to leave 'my church' in the trouble they are in now; besides, my family are in Europe 'traveling for their health,' and I may have to join them soon. Oh, this brain work! I sometimes think it will kill me."

"So you sold the old church for two hundred thousand dollars. How much did the new one cost?"

"All told, about three hundred and fifty thousand."

"How much do you owe on it now?"

"Well, we owe on mortgage one hundred thousand, with two years' interest unpaid."

"How many members have you, Dr. Lofty?"

"Well," said he, "we have five hundred names on our rolls, but many of them rarely attend church any more. They are business men, and speculators, and never have time."

"What salary do they pay you?"

"Oh, they pay me nine thousand a year; but they will have to raise it, or I cannot stay. The fact is, I cannot live on my salary, servants cost so much."

"How do they raise your salary?"

"By selling the pews," replied the Doctor.

"How much family have you?" asked the Elder.

"I have a wife and two daughters."

"What help do you keep, which you say is so expensive?"

"We keep a cook, a laundress, two chambermaids and a chore-man. We have to pay the cook four dollars per week; the others three dollars, and the chore-man five dollars; making, all told, for help alone,

eighteen dollars per week. It's terrible to pay such prices for servants!"

"What are your other church expenses?"

"Three thousand for an organist, two thousand for a chorister, one hundred and fifty for a janitor, fifty for Sabbath-schools, about four hundred for missions, two hundred for the poor; fuel and lights, four hundred more."

"Well," said the Elder, "your entire church expenses are about fifteen thousand a year."

"About that," replied Dr. Lofty.

"What is the financial condition of your church?"

"Oh," said Dr. Lofty, "most of them are rich. We are decidedly the richest church in town. We have five or six millionaires, some of them several times over. Elder Grab made a million last year in a 'wheat corner.'"

"And now," said the Elder, "you want to pay off your indebtedness and take an even start?"

"That's it, exactly. You see, there are a few good men that would be glad to come to us, but they will not so long as this debt remains. I was talking, the other day, to the president of the 'Board of Trade,' and he frankly told me whenever the debt was paid or put in proper shape I might put his name down.

"Now, my dear brother, he is too good a man to

lose. I tell you he's a 'hustler' in trade. When he starts a 'corner' it wins every time—'mark that!'"

"What interest are you paying on this debt, Dr. Lofty?"

"Eight per cent."

"Why so?" inquired the Elder.

"Because," said Dr. Lofty, "you know church matters always drag, and business men declare they would rather loan at six per cent. and have the interest paid promptly and without question, than to have eight per cent. as churches usually pay."

"Get some of your own members to carry this debt at a lower rate of interest, cut down your church expenses to meet the interest promptly, and I think you need have no further trouble," said Elder Love,

"Oh, my dear sir! this cannot be. I would not know where to begin to cut down expenses. I told you I could not live on my salary now; and unless the servants would be willing to cut down in their wages I could not save anything there, even if I decided to forego my annual vacation, hunting and fishing at the lakes. The moment we begin to talk of cutting down the salaries of the organist and chorister, they will go to Dr. Style's church. We might save the four hundred dollars we pay for missions, and what we pay to the

poor, and cut down the janitor fifty dollars—this would save us six hundred and fifty dollars; and possibly the fifty we pay the Sunday-schools could be taken off, as the children of our ‘best families’ rarely attend Sunday-school.

“But as to a lower rate of interest, it would be useless to think of it. The mortgage is held by Elder Tight, one of our most substantial members. We dare not offend him.”

“What, then, can I do?” inquired the Elder.

“That is coming to the point,” said Dr. Lofty; for he was becoming very restless under the rigid examination of the Elder. “If you would donate seventy thousand dollars we could pay off half the debt and the interest now due, with what floating debt there is, such as fuel bills, janitor’s bills, etc., etc.”

“Then you think you could raise the other half from your members and be free?”

“Well, no,” replied the Doctor; “we could hardly do that now. Our members are mostly business men, and have their money invested where they often make twenty-five to fifty per cent. in speculation, and they can hardly afford to take their money out of such profitable business. But we could easily arrange to carry the remainder. Elder Tight is worth at least ten millions, and can spare that amount, provided he gets the interest.

"You see, dear brother," continued Dr. Lofty, "what a help it would be just now to make an arrangement of this kind. I would get a year's vacation, with salary (they have promised me that if I succeed with you), and we would laugh at the defeat of Dr. Style's plans."

"I suppose, Dr. Lofty, 'your church' is doing all they can for Prohibition?" said Elder Love.

"Oh, yes, we are all 'temperance' people, but I say very little about it. My people don't want me to bring 'politics' into the pulpit. We can't very well do it; it would stir up strife, and I believe in a 'religion of love.' When we get people converted, the liquor question will settle itself. We leave every man free to belong to either of the *two parties*. So we are Democrats and Republicans; and as 'prohibition don't prohibit,' we think 'half a loaf is better than no bread'; so I favor "high license."* It 'saves taxes' and helps to build up the city. 'If people will drink, let them pay for it.'"

MINISTERS ON LICENSE.*

Last week the ministers of — passed a resolution indorsing the thousand-dollar license bill introduced in the legislature by Representative —. Its author was lauded to the skies. This action came before the Church of the Covenant, presided over by Dr. —, and Sunday a large-sized written protest was presented to the meeting. The protest said that this was the endorsement of the whole license system, and this sentiment the members were not ready to

At this moment a telegram was handed to the Elder, requiring his presence at a distant town where a large number of people had been killed or injured in a railroad wreck caused by a drunken engineer. Bidding Dr. Lofty a hasty farewell, and promising to write to him in a few days, he was off on his mission of mercy.

Not many days later the following letter was sent to Dr. Lofty :

S——, J——, 18—.

Rev. Dr. Lofty, Pastor "Church of Christ," City of Enterprise, U. S. A.

Dear Sir and Brother: I seize on the first opportunity I have had since your visit to my home, to answer the request you then made on me.

You asked me to contribute seventy thousand dollars of the dear Lord's money to pay a portion of the indebtedness on "your church" in the great city of Enterprise.

The conditions and circumstances surrounding you and "your church," given by you as a reason why I should comply with your request, seem so extraordinary that I feel I could not do justice to you, and the Church of the

endorse. All true Christians, the protest declared, were against the principle of the government taking any part or being a partner in the liquor traffic. The fight must be one of principles, not expedients, and the square issue of whisky or no whisky.

"The high-license system will be the best thing we can secure for the present," excitedly exclaimed one elderly gentleman, "and we must not allow free whisky to get the upper hand and destroy thousands of souls just for the sake of principle!"

living God, did I fail to analyze it, which you will please permit me to do. I can but hope that the history you have given me of "your church" is an isolated one, and yet I have good reason to fear there are many parallel cases found in the great centres of wealth and power in this land.

You say that "your church" was originally located down-town, and in consideration of two things it was relocated up-town. First, the old church was being surrounded by a large and increasing population of poor people, who wrought in the mills and shops for their daily bread. These people, and such as these, were the producers of the wealth by which the city was builded. Their salvation had been purchased on the cross by our Divine Lord and Master, but they were not of "our set," and notwithstanding the fact that Christ (whose name your organization improperly assumes) said "the poor have the gospel preached to them," "your church" decides to move out.

The children of God everywhere are gathering money and sacrificing at every point to send messages of love and peace to the heathen in far-off lands. But when God sends the people to your doors, who stretch out their hands to you for help, "your church" decides to "fold their tents and steal away" from the "vulgar masses," giving as an excuse that saloons are accumulating so fast around the "sacred spot"—saloons organized and legalized by your vote and the vote of "your church."

Your second reason is, your "shrewd business men"

desired to "run a corner" on the brewers, Hogg & Co., and make them pay an exorbitant price for the church property, because, forsooth, they must have it in order to extend their "increasing and prosperous business." The property is sold, and "your church" fails to hear the cry of the poor who hunger for the bread of life, but yields to the "demands of business."

Two hundred thousand dollars and the little five hundred souls constitutes "your church," and with that you proceed to build another house costing three hundred and fifty thousand, in what you call the "fashionable" part of the city, far away from the din and smoke and dirt of the great throng of busy workers.

When the new house is completed, you owe one hundred thousand dollars, and the trustees proceed to execute a mortgage on the property to one of your elders at a high rate of interest. "Your church" is, you say, the richest in the city—five or six millionaires on its rolls, but too *stingy* and *worldly* to pay off the mortgage even to gratify their unholy pride.

Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for one little church for one little company of sickly worldlings to meet in to hear the preacher discuss the question "Who was 'Melchizedek's father'?" or some other irrelevant question, never daring to open his lips on popular sins, or the living questions of the day! Three hundred and fifty thousand for one church building when the same amount of money would build ten good enough for any five hundred souls on earth to worship God in!

Again, with a family of three, your little salary of nine thousand dollars is not enough, while all over this land there are hundreds—yea, thousands—of faithful ministers in the “Church of God” who are doing grand work and winning precious souls, living on less than five hundred a year.

You complain that your salary is too small, but at the same time you say you are imposed upon by your cook, your laundress and your chambermaids, when you pay them less than fifty cents a day.

When I suggested that in order to get relief from your financial difficulties you cut down expenses, you could think of no place it could be done except by reducing the pay of your “servants” and the janitor, and absorbing the missionary and the poor funds, with perhaps the Sunday-school supplies because the “children” of the “best families” never attended.

Nine thousand a year for a pastor; four dollars a week for a cook; three thousand a year for an organist; one hundred and fifty for a janitor; two thousand for a chorister; two hundred for missions; one million *obtained* by Elder Grab on a wheat “corner,” and the interest not paid on the church debt!

Members speculating in lands, grain, stocks and bonds; oppressing the poor and professing to be the followers of Him who “though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich!”

“God seems to be calling you to leave ‘your church!’”

Well, that is about the most hopeful thing you did say. It shows "His mercy is not clean gone forever."

I am glad that in our conversation you said "my church." Surely it could not be God's Church. God's Church is not filled with millionaires who gamble on boards of trade, corner the markets, and squeeze the poor. God's people never vote the "whisky ticket," and His ministers "cry aloud, and spare not."

God's Church never runs away from the sorrowing multitudes who perish for the "bread of life." Yes, your church! That's right! So long as you preach for the money there is in it, say "my church," and emphasize it in such a way that no one will ever again be deceived into believing it to be the Church of God.

No, I cannot take the Lord's money for any such a purpose; and the sooner Elder Tight closes the mortgage and turns you all into the streets, the better for you, the true Church, and the world.

May the blessed God lead you to see your state by His loving Spirit, and give you to understand the gospel of Jesus Christ in its mission of sacrifice and love!

ELDER LOVE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Bob and Pearl at the Temple.

ONE said, "Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them."

Reader, did you ever stop to think over this proposition? Did you ever take time to analyze and discriminate between the men who have played so conspicuous a part in the great events that have transpired in the history of this Republic, both in Church and State? If so, you have discovered how very few of all the illustrious men had the rare ability to formulate a plan or creed for the world to adopt or follow for the betterment of human society and compel men by their power of leadership to accept them. It is comparatively easy for men to take up a line of action and push it to successful conclusion after the way has been marked out and made plain by others. But to create a sentiment, and rally men around it until it crystallizes into principles that rule and govern the people, is quite another thing. Men who have been able to do this, and have done it, were so utterly unselfish they forgot themselves in their zeal to labor for others, that the

world might be the better for their having lived. These men have in most cases laid down their lives without personal benefit, for the noble work they wrought. Seeing the line marked out, others rushed to the front, and, pushing forward, received the plaudits of a grateful people.

Bob and Pearl were of that class who, in the face of great opposition and discouragement, steadfastly pursued their work, turning neither to the right nor left. They saw the light and followed it, and could say "This one thing I do: forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forward to that which is before, I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus." They heard not the clamor about rules, customs, and precedents that obtained in the past. Forgetting all these, they followed the light, pressing forward, lifting up a standard, and with a single eye fixed on a high mark for the attainment of which they toiled and labored. Bob, at the school, surrounded by bright manly boys possessing ability to rank high in the counsels of the Nation, with a burning desire to see practical Christianity presented in its true light to a dying world. Pearl, intent on lifting high the standard of noble womanhood to guide those who were to be the homekeepers of coming generations.

To write that God was with them would be super-

fluous to all who believe the precious promises contained in the Bible. How could it be otherwise! Were they not a verity to all who steadfastly believed them.

“Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.”

The fires had been kindled, and in almost every community the effects of their work was seen. Homes for the old saints who were helpless and destitute were builded and sustained all over the land, many of them being founded through the influence of Bob, as he found time to run out from his school work, and with his deep devotion and matchless eloquence inspired the people to work in harmony with God.

We can only follow them a little further in this volume. It would be useless to attempt to write a full account of their work. Before you, dear reader, can have an opportunity to finish this wondrous story of the influence and power of these two lives, you must get to the Cross (if you have not been there), and have the blood applied, and then join the innumerable company and there learn of the full effect on the “millions yet to be” who through the forces and influences of these two souls found their way to the Cross, guided by the work of those, whose lives were consecrated to God while yet in the bloom and vigor of youth.

One more scene, and we shall bid them farewell until each of us, I trust, stands near the great white

throne and joins in the glad song "Unto Him who has washed us and redeemed us in His own blood, to Him be glory and honor and dominion for ever and ever."

It came to pass when the Rum fiend had done its utmost to demoralize and curse the Nation, and the seeds sown by its hellish power brought forth the awful, bitter fruit we have described in the destruction of the magnificent cities of America, that Bob and Pearl were both in Chicago. Pearl, to plan and counsel with her associates relative to her work, and Bob with his little army of boys on a visit to the city.

One of the first things the howling mob attempted to do was to destroy the Great Temple that had been reared by the White Ribbon Army as their world's headquarters. To it they rushed with demoniac yells, to meet Bob and his boys, who in the strange providence of God were at the building. Bob, with his power to command, quickly did all that could be done to prepare for defense, and with his boys guarding every entrance defied and beat back the mob for many long weary hours until the heat and flame of the burning city drove them away. Need I tell you that the same God that prevented the flames of the fiery furnace from burning the three Hebrews, so tempered the wind and flame that the Temple builded by hands loyal to God, and sacredly dedicated to Him to be used for His

glory, came through without the smell of fire! Well, it was true. Hid away in its chambers were men who had met the conditions and plead the promises, and the God of Elijah protected them. Truly, He had placed a hedge about them, and all that they had, and it could not be touched while His protecting angel stood guard.

Thus the Temple and its occupants were saved as a monument of the protecting care the Almighty has for His people.

"This God is our God, and will be our guide even forevermore."

Some of my young friends may want to know if Bob and Pearl ever married. To please them I will tell you that on that awful day in the Grand Temple they discovered for the first time that their interest in each other was more than could arise from their association in their life work. They were in love, and, as the lawyers say, "then and there" they were betrothed.

In due time, at the home of Elder Love they were made husband and wife in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Ideal Government.

“**H**APPY is that people whose God is the Lord.” The people of this great Nation looked with sad hearts on the destruction and ruin that had been wrought — the terrific loss of life, and the misery, wretchedness, and woe entailed upon the country in consequence. They were not long in discovering that the underlying cause of all this was the liquor traffic. Of course there were many other reasons assigned. The saloon men were “innocents abroad,” according to their story; but the power of sophistry was gone. The awful fact was patent to the world that nothing of the kind could ever occur among an intelligent people unless their moral sensibilities had first been prostituted and demoralized. This the saloon had done. In permitting it, we had sown the wind, and now we had reaped the whirlwind. For many years we had compelled the traffic to pay tribute to us; now the tables were turned, and we had repaid it all, with compound interest, in precious lives, ruined homes, paralyzed

industries, with nothing to show but blackened walls, heaps of ashes, and new-made graves.

For the American people to be convinced and aroused is to act. When they looked on this sea of desolation they said the saloon was the cause and the saloon must go.

To give temporary relief to the millions of sufferers, Congress was called together; and, strange as it may seem, one of the first things done was to submit an amendment to the National Constitution, forever prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes.

The people were ready now, the fire had burned public sentiment into the sleeping masses until they had learned in the awful school of experience that it was dangerous to harbor a viper in your bosom, even though he might be sleeping or frozen. Almost every state had suffered, all classes had lost property, and the pocket argument was still strong enough to win.

No sooner had this amendment been adopted by Congress than the Governors of the several States were petitioned to call their legislatures together to ratify the amendment, which they proceeded very promptly to do. A piteous wail went up from all quarters having interest in this infamous business, but the people were in no mood to hear it. The day for compromise had

passed. A system or business that could blot out and destroy the beauty and wealth of a Republic in a day, and spread a funeral pall over a mighty Nation, could not longer live among a free and intelligent people. The decree had gone forth, and was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

When the scales fall from men's eyes, how clearly they see, and how ready they are to establish all needed reforms! Under the former system, when the liquor men had to be consulted or mollified at every turn, the mist and glamor had so fallen on everything that we groped our way in darkness on many questions that pressed to the front and would not down. Men who had lost the accumulations of years of energetic toil now had time to see that capable, honest men and *women* were selected to make and execute the laws. The political seas were cleared of every piratical craft that hitherto sailed under "*letters of marque and reprisal*." They resolved that while we were still ready to welcome with open arms the oppressed of every land who came honestly seeking homes among us, that Americans should rule America, and he who came to engraft foreign customs and laws on the tree of Liberty would be invited to return to his native land. "Politicians, timeservers, schemers, bummers and boodlers, to the rear!" ran down the entire line of the recon-

structed Republic. Wholesome laws were made, bad laws repealed; justice was faithfully administered; labor secured its just reward; schools and colleges were greatly multiplied.

The old ship of state had outridden the storm when its awful freight had been thrown overboard, and with canvas all spread she pressed gallantly on to her glorious destination. "Out of the fire," with "barriers all burned away," the New Nation took her place where God designed her to be—the light of the world in all things pertaining to progress, reform, and the highest type of Christian civilization.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

What Shall It Be?

THIS is the great question that confronts the American people to-day.

Many honest, thoughtful men and women, in the light of the past quarter of the century, have come to look with alarm to the future of our country. Statesmen, legislators, ministers and educators, one and all, are compelled to admit there are elements and forces at work that will surely undermine and destroy the Government, the Home, and the Church, unless by some means these powers and forces are overthrown.

This statement may apply to every man and woman who desires to see liberty, Christianity, and civilization advanced and perpetuated, and who has stopped long enough to divest themselves of selfish narrow prejudice, and think calmly over the dangers that threaten us at this hour.

It is not enough to piously look back on Puritanic days and ponder the dedication prayers that ascended from the consecrated lips of our Pilgrim Fathers when they landed on the shores of the New World.

It is not enough to remember the marvelous interposition of Divine Providence in the establishing, preservation, and perpetuation of this Union, and then conclude that, because of all this, God will stretch out His hand and save us.

It is not enough to point to our material and intellectual advancement.

It is not enough to dwell on the mighty achievements in the field, and the warm, glowing patriotism that blazed from every hilltop and illuminated every valley.

It is not enough to look to the planting of the Christian Church all over this fair land, and reckon her numbers, her Sabbath-schools, her wealth, and her literature.

Nay, verily. As grand as all these things may be and are, they are not sufficient. While these combined powers are capable of marvelous things if properly applied, we do well to remember that, set over against these, are forces strong and mighty, and as determined as the Arch Fiend of Hell, that will not allow the work of Christian civilization to advance if it can be prevented.

Day and night they work secretly, covertly, insinuatingly, deceiving the nations by pledges, promises, misstatements, false professions, defying God and Home, law and liberty.

These facts are so plain to the observing mind "that he that runs may read."

The issue is upon us, and upon the settlement of the living, burning questions of the day depends the weal or woe of earth's teeming millions.

That these questions will be settled on the side of God and humanity no one need doubt for a moment. But how? Peaceably, justly, and happily, on principles in keeping with the professions, ability, and opportunities of this great free people, or will we dally and wait and hesitate as we did in regard to the slavery question, until God in His wrath takes up these warring elements and pounds them together again until we are ready and willing to deal justly toward all men!

There is not a single question that agitates the public mind to-day that may not be amicably settled by a proper application of the principles on which this government was founded — loyalty, patriotism, God, Home and Heaven, are all embodied in these foundation principles.

But on the Christian Church rests the responsibility of the work of rescuing the land. To them is propounded the momentous question "What shall it be?" No amount of "good desires" or "wishing wells" will avail now. We have already waited long, and the enemy has gathered strength each succeeding year.

We have said the Church must answer this question. All other organizations and combinations of worldly men, however much good there may be in them, will surely fail. Selfish interests, worldly policy, always has and always will ally itself with any and all classes who will assist to further their plans and schemes.

The Church of God has but one object—is not, cannot be, divided, being founded on the one grand principle of supreme love to God and universal love to man.* We may go forward and win on any true line of reform in perfect harmony with this grand and glorious principle.

The times are propitious. Denominational lines are being rapidly broken down. Christian men everywhere are uniting on this grand truth. Opposers may point to minor differences in different organizations to no avail.

Too long we have striven to deceive ourselves and been content to allow our religion and politics to be widely separated. We have washed our hands in innocence while wicked men have corrupted our government, dictated our laws, defied the Sabbath, morality, and justice.

* It may be proper to say here, when we use the term "Church of God" we mean it in the broad, grand sense in which we can all agree.

“What shall it be?” will be answered, if not by the Church, then by her enemies. God and angels, good men and good women, are watching, waiting, to see how we meet these burning questions. If settled on the principles of truth, then will the world advance as never before. “Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto His people, Behold, I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith; and I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen.”

* * *

“Fear not, O land; be glad and rejoice: for the Lord will do great things.” * * * *

“Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field: for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig tree and the vine do yield strength.” * * *

“And ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied and praise the name of the Lord your God that hath dealt wondrously with you,” “and my people shall never be ashamed.”

“And ye shall know that I am in the midst of Israel, and that I am the Lord your God, and none else: and my people shall never be ashamed.”

“And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered; for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance:”

“And I will restore to you the years that the locusts

have eaten, the canker worm, and the caterpillar, and the palmer worm, my great army that I sent among you."

"What shall it be?" Tell me, ye who withdraw from the fields of strife, live at ease, and pay your minister to prophesy smooth things: ye who content yourselves to wait until God shall again be compelled to pound us into submission.

When the issue of slavery was upon us, God held the whole Nation responsible. We had conspired together and shared the profits of the iniquitous business. To this responsibility we were held by the Almighty fiat until rivers of blood and millions of treasure atoned for the wrong. Abolitionists, Fireaters, State rights, and all other parties and questions were as nothing to God compared to His wrath against a people He had so signally blest, when they deliberately turned their back upon their professions of freedom and His holy law and made merchandise of the bodies and souls of men.

Alas! how quickly we have forgotten this awful lesson, although it was written in letters of blood on almost every hearthstone.

And again, we have allowed — yea, helped and encouraged — the liquor traffic, the bondholder, the railroad extortioner, the usurer, the Sabbath-breaker. But why attempt to enumerate the whole brood of

vipers who oppose honest, pure government, just dealings, and are striking hands to crush the masses as did Pilate and Herod to crucify Christ!

If Christian men would see the glad day of the world's deliverance, and all the great questions of the age settled in harmony with God, let them cease to be covetuous, and avaricious, and pour out their means with which the Church has been so richly endowed and lift up the fallen, provide for the poor, put the millions of idle men to work, strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees. Then will the world see and know the religion of Jesus is a verity.

We can do this if we will. There is not a political party or combination of men in the land that could stand against the Church of the Living God if they are united. No combination of men can make headway against the truth if exemplified in deeds of love.

Shall we be content to let the sun go down in darkness and we be compelled to listen to the long cry of anguish as the millions sink in despair that we might have saved!

“What shall it be?”

The light of the world? a city set on an hill?

A crushed, ruined hope? or an all-conquering army?

“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that

there may be meat in my house; and try me and see if I will not pour you out such a blessing as there shall not be room to contain."

We have vast possibilities before us. Let us rally around the Cross. Away with dogmas, creeds, schisms, and with one long strong pull let us lift the masses of earth's sorrowing ones to the Highway of Holiness. We can do this and defy all the armies of the aliens if we consecrate our time, talents and money to this work.

The saloon will go, oppression will go, avarice and greed will slink away and die, and the "redeemed of the Lord shall possess the land."

CHAPTER XL

Conclusion.

WE have now completed our story that has been written for the sole purpose, if possible, of leading the people to see what true Christian benevolence would do when applied and carried out in the spirit and love of Jesus.

You have caught a glimpse, we hope, of what a little of the dear Lord's money would do towards undoing the heavy burdens that men are carrying in this professed Christian land. You have seen what may be accomplished by one man who is thoroughly consecrated to the Master's work and possesses money.

You may have been charmed by the manner in which this work has been done. You may have applauded him for his faithfulness. Possibly you have envied him the opportunity thrust upon him by being put in possession of such a vast sum of money; or you may be one of those who are ready to say — "Oh, he had the money, and didn't know what to do with it." Don't make the mistake in supposing that he had no temptations to a life of ease and power as it spread out before him in alluring charms.

We have tried to show you a man—a man like yourself; subject to all the temptations that you are, with almost unlimited means at his command. But this man had been down low at the Cross. His feet were once as fast in the mire and clay of sin as yours were. The same hand that is stretched out to save you saved him. The same love of humanity that is ready to burst into your heart like a flood was poured into his heart, and he went forth simply to be obedient to the Master's will—nothing more.

Having given all to Christ, he ceased not to labor in every possible way to build up the Kingdom. The fact that he controlled large sums of money never gave him the right to use a single dollar to gratify pride or worldly ambition. He was ready to turn over every dollar at the call of his Divine Lord and take the place of a servant if only men might be saved.

But I fancy I hear a thousand voices crying out with a full heart "It was just the thing to do, but I can't do it. Where are all the millions to come from? I have to work hard to support my family."

All very well. But hold. If one man with ten millions can organize and set in motion forces that will do so much to lift up and bless humanity; if the work of one man will do so much to provoke others to good works—how much more may not ten millions of men

and women accomplish with a single dollar each! Ten millions of earnest, consecrated souls sending up ten million petitions to the Throne to bless the single dollar given in His name would kindle such a fire as would light up this old world from pole to pole. Ten million prayers daily ascending the hill of the Lord from His saints for the salvation of men, bearing on their wings of faith and love their offerings of "gold, frankincense and myrrh," would bring down to old earth a power that would drive back every demon that has been set in array against humanity, to his native hell.

The religion that is to win its way to the hearts of men in this practical age will not be a religion of sentiment but of loving deeds and tender sympathy to the poor, fallen, distressed ones who throng the avenues of life.

Let us look for a moment at what the Christian Church could do from a money standpoint. We will suppose we have twelve million members, and that the average income of that number is one hundred dollars per member. And suppose one-tenth of that sum is sacredly dedicated to the work of the Master, we have the sum of one hundred and twenty millions. Surely this is a small thing to do, to give back to God His *own tenth*! And while some may say this estimate is too high, we are confident that there will be more than

enough gathered from friendly souls who are not members to make up any deficiency. What a power would this vast sum be to build the walls of Jerusalem, to cultivate the waste places, and make the "wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose!"

But look at the facts. We have one great religious body with a membership of fully one-fourth of this entire number striving by all the splendid machinery of the Church, and yet they cannot collect one and a half million for missions. On gala days they boast of their wealth, and it is not an idle boast. Millionaires abound in her communion, and hundreds of poor broken-down, destitute ministers of "whom the world is not worthy." Nor is this branch of the Church worse in this respect than others—rather better, perhaps. The truth is, the membership are robbing God, robbing the Church, robbing the poor lost men of earth—yea, robbing their own souls, while they pile up wealth for themselves and sing

"Where is the blessedness I knew

When first I saw the Lord"?

Don't say you cannot get the money. Look at this Christian Nation—more highly favored in her history, laws, and resources than any that ever existed since the morning stars sang together for joy. And yet with all this accumulated light, glory and power, there

exists a system legalized and protected by the sovereign people that is sapping the foundations of all that is good and true as taught in the religion of Jesus. We agree that the old and poor ought to be provided for; the orphans should have a home where they could be educated and trained to lives of usefulness to the world. But you fall back on the old threadbare question "Where's the money to come from?"

Look here. This is not a book of figures, but tarry with me for a time until I present a few facts statistical.

All agree that the annual drink bill of this nation amounts to at least nine hundred millions, and the indirect cost to the country in consequence to as much more—eighteen hundred millions in all. We will say nothing about the degrading influences of this system—the heart-aches, sorrow, anguish, drunkard's graves and a drunkard's hell. Let these all go for the present, and look at the waste of money that should be devoted to the relief of suffering humanity and the advance of Christian civilization.

Give me the money it costs to support this system for one single year, and I will build and endow a Home like the one described in this story in every state and territory in this Union at a cost of four millions each.

More. I will build an Orphanage and Industrial

school in each state and territory at a cost of five millions each.

I will build a church for every one thousand inhabitants, costing five thousand dollars each.

I will put a library into every town, hamlet, or ward of one thousand inhabitants, at a cost of one thousand dollars.

I will send out one hundred thousand home missionaries on a salary of one thousand dollars each.

I will send another hundred thousand to foreign fields and pay them each a salary of two thousand dollars, and still have money enough to give ten dollars to every man, woman, and child in the Nation, and pay all expenses for distribution.

Whose money is all this that goes day and night into this stream of death? Is this the product of the toil of the saloon-keeper, the brewer, the distiller, or the drunkard?

Nay, verily. They tax every honest industry in the Nation. They rob the wife, the mother, the children, the Church, God, the country, and themselves, in order to gather this vast sum to brutalize and destroy the bodies and souls of men.

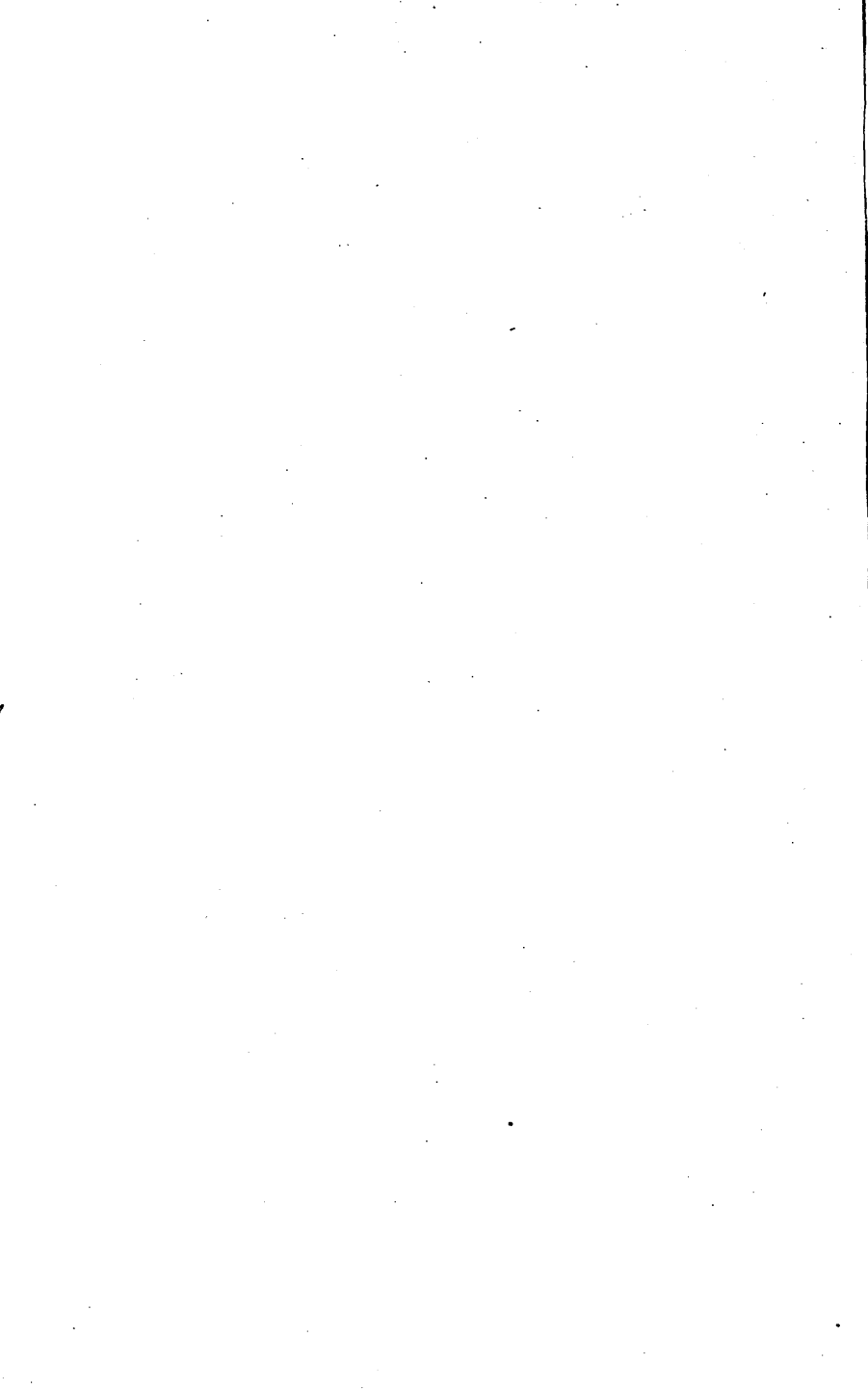
Even the wages of the drunkard is a tax on the brain, energy, and industry of the sober Christian men of this land. For be it known unto all men, that it

takes more than stupefied drunken brains and nerves to make even the drunkard's labor of any value whatever.

Oh, men of America! how long will you consent to be robbed of all that is good and true in this world, and of every hope of the next, to satisfy this monster iniquity!

Christian brother, do you want to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the innumerable company of the blood-washed? Do you want to live with the saints that have trod their weary way through earth and endured hardness as good soldiers that all men might be saved? Then arise and assert your manhood. Go to work. Turn your talents, whatever they may be, into channels for good, where they can be watered by the dews of heavenly grace and be made a blessing to the world. If only a penny, when the Master's hand is spread over it, like the loaves and fishes they will multiply and increase until peace and joy shall fill the earth and your soul will grow and enlarge.

“He that watereth, shall himself be watered.”



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